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THE MONROE DOCTRINE

BY EDWARD S. CORWIN

DISRAELI avowed the opinion that mankind is governed by phrases. The idea finds undoubted confirmation when one discovers how much history frequently clusters about a phrase. For three centuries or more the public policy of Europe pivoted upon the Balance of Power. In this country the Monroe Doctrine has been the open sesame of diplomacy for an hundred years.

What is the Monroe Doctrine? Mr. Hughes has just been telling us that it is an American policy, and one therefore to be defined by the United States alone; Mr. Fletcher said the same thing at Santiago a few months since. But as the Scotchman complained of the claret, the statement gets us "no forrarder". No one would deny the United States the right of any completely sovereign State in the elaboration of its own foreign policy. Yet the question remains, why should we choose to affix a label to that policy whose meaning still awaits the revelation of time and event? Either the phrase "Monroe Doctrine" does embody ideas which give direction to our foreign policy, or it does not. If not, why should the phrase be retained? If so, why should not these ideas be stated? We again recall Disraeli, as well as the old lady who was always so edified by that "blessed word, Mesopotamia". Perhaps foreign chancelleries are as easily susceptible.

The real reason for our statesmen's inarticulateness lies deeper, I suspect; it is embedded in the Monroe Doctrine itself. Not that the famous message of an hundred years ago is insufficiently

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coherent, but the fact is that its announcement was only the flowering of a sentiment the roots of which reach far back. For, as Ratzel showed, Manifest Destiny sprang from the very geography of the American continent—its removal from the pre-determination of ancient institutions, its open spaces, its endless resources. History, moreover, confirmed geography:

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day:
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

So wrote Bishop Berkeley many years before Lexington and Concord; and his prophecy was reëchoed from the forest primeval. "Soon after the Reformation," John Adams wrote in 1755, "a few people came over into this new world for conscience sake. Perhaps this apparently trivial incident may transfer the great seat of empire into America. It looks likely to me; for if we can remove the turbulent Gallicks, our people, according to the exactest computations, will in another century become more numerous than England itself. Should this be the case, since we have, I may say, all the naval stores of the nation in our hands, it would be easy to obtain the mastery of the seas; and then the united force of Europe will not be able to subdue us."

It is the imperialistic note which so embarrasses our statesmen when they come to discourse of the Monroe Doctrine, as it is this note which stirs the ever-renewed demand of our Latin-American neighbours that the Doctrine be elucidated. Nor does mere disavowal of this aspect of the Doctrine suffice—it belies too much history. Mr. Root attempted an exegesis of the Doctrine on this key in 1906. "We do not wish to win victories," he assured his South American audience, "we desire no territory but our own. . . . We consider that the independence and the equal rights of the smallest and weakest members of the family of nations deserve as much respect as those of the great empires." Alas! His auditors had not yet forgotten what had occurred at Panama three years before.

Happily, there is another aspect of the Doctrine—another aspect of Manifest Destiny itself. The Declaration of Independence unfurled the standard of republicanism and self-deter-

mination in an autocratic world, and America at once assumed a new symbolic value both at home and abroad. "We have it in our power," wrote Paine, in that famous first number of *Common Sense*, "to begin the world over again. A situation similar to the present hath not presented itself since the days of Noah. The birthday of a new world is at hand." And there were men all over the world to whom the claim did not seem an extravagance.

But would the great experiment be allowed to work itself out? The great danger was that the new nation would become involved in the European Balance of Power, calculations based upon which had produced French intervention in the Revolution, and so independence itself. How could America disown the auspices of her birth? The question became acutely perilous when France, too, became a republic, arrayed against the monarchic remnants of mediæval Europe. If Manifest Destiny meant the destiny of republicanism and self-determination, now was the time to act; if it meant the national destiny of the United States, then a different procedure must be followed, a procedure which had already been forecast. In the midst of the American Revolution John Adams had warned against excessive "expressions of the generosity and magnanimity" of our allies: "Let us treat them with gratitude, but with dignity. Let us remember what is due to ourselves and to our posterity, as well as to them. Let us, above all things, avoid, as much as possible, entangling ourselves with their wars or politics. Our business with them, and theirs with us, is commerce, not politics, much less war; America has been the sport of European wars and politics long enough." Thus was born the Doctrine of the Two Spheres, the classic expression of which came sixteen years later:

Europe has a set of primary interests which to us have none or a very remote relation. Hence she must be engaged in frequent controversies, the causes of which are essentially foreign to our concerns. Hence, therefore, it must be unwise in us to implicate ourselves by artificial ties in the ordinary vicissitudes of her politics or the ordinary combinations and collisions of her friendships or enmities. Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. . . . Why forego the advantages of so peculiar a situation? Why quit our own to stand upon foreign ground? Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, or caprice?

The nobility of Washington's phrases matches their high political intelligence. A geographical accident of the greatest potential advantage is laid hold upon and erected into a system of policy, and the American people are urged to find in the combination their security. Nor should it be imagined that of this combination policy was at the time the less important factor. When Washington uttered the Farewell Address, England crowded us aggressively along the unmapped frontier of the North, the Northeast and the Northwest, while along the length of the Mississippi and the Southern boundary of Georgia the Spanish border marched with ours for fifteen hundred miles. Six years later the situation was even worse from the point of view of American security. Spain still held the Floridas, but Napoleon now claimed Louisiana, while in the far Northwest the Russian Bear was slowly descending from Alaska upon California. Of the five Great Powers of Europe, four at this moment held colonies in North America, and three were our immediate neighbours. So far from the principle of political isolation being the converse originally of geographical isolation, the opposite was more nearly the case, and hence indeed the urgency of the principle.

Many hard words have, first and last, been written and spoken against the Balance of Power. But so long as a considerable section of mankind reside in great national States whose safety and prosperity they deem the highest desideratum, the Balance of Power will continue about as ineluctable as gravitation itself. At a moment of quiescence the Balance of Power is only the *status quo*; but the term further signifies that if the *status quo* is seriously upset in a single quarter, the rushing of the waters to seek a new level of universal security will be apt to produce a general commotion. The notion thus testifies to a certain solidarity, as well as a competitive tension, among the States to which it applies. By the same token, the Doctrine of the Two Spheres, completing the work of the Declaration of Independence, categorically denied that any such solidarity existed between America and Europe as would warrant an extension to the former of the political arithmetic of the latter.

Yet that the Balance of Power, in some sense, was not to be

so easily exorcised from the American continent, was early apparent. That there must be an American Balance of Power had indeed been foreseen by Hamilton in *The Federalist*, where he had counselled that, "By a steady adherence to the Union we may hope, ere long, to become the arbiter of Europe in America, and to be able to incline the balance of European competitions in this part of the world as our interests may dictate." Here is clearly the picture of an American Balance of Power distinct from that of Europe, and kept distinct by American strength. Strength, however, is a relative matter, and so the convincingness of Hamilton's picture depended not more on the prospect of American growth than on the continued feebleness of our most important neighbour—Spain.

Early in 1802 came the rumour that Spain had transferred Louisiana and the Floridas to France. The momentary effect of this announcement upon American political calculations was pronounced and dramatic. In his inaugural Jefferson had sketched his vision of a country sustaining "peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none," a country "kindly separated by nature and the wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country." Now with the news of the treaty of San Ildefonso before him, he wrote: "The cession of Louisiana and the Floridas by Spain to France works most sorely on the United States. . . . It completely reverses all the political relations of the United States, and will form a new epoch in our political course. . . . There is on the globe one single spot, the possessor of which is our natural and habitual enemy. It is New Orleans . . . The day that France takes possession of New Orleans fixes the sentence which is to restrain her forever within her own low water mark. It seals the union of two nations, who, in conjunction, can maintain exclusive possession of the ocean. From that moment, we must marry ourselves with the British fleet and nation." The two continents of America must be held "in sequestration for the common purposes of the united British and American nations".

But again the face of affairs was altered with equal suddenness

and completeness. For half the price of a modern battleship the United States was brought to the crest of the Rockies, and the continental destiny of the new republic made secure. The Doctrine of the Two Spheres was restored; the principle of the non-transferability of Spanish domain in North America except to the United States was implicitly established, to be made explicit in the case of West Florida eight years later. Manifest Destiny was again on the march!

Meantime the course of events had begun which led directly to the celebrated Message of December 2, 1823. In 1808 Napoleon invaded Spain; a year later revolution broke out in Peru and Mexico, and soon became general throughout Spanish America. The struggle was desultory and prolonged. The same year, 1815, that saw the formation of the Holy Alliance for the purpose of guaranteeing legitimacy on the continent of Europe in accordance with "the sublime truths taught by the eternal religion of God", saw also the recognition of the belligerency of the Latin-American revolutionaries by the United States. Not till 1822 did the President and Congress, in conjunction, accord recognition of their independence. A few months later, Ferdinand of Spain, recently restored to his throne by the French army, demanded at the Congress of Verona that the embattled autocrats extend their activities in his behalf to Spanish America.

Writing of this moment, Professor Hart has said: "Never till the present decade has the United States had such a glorious field for diplomacy; in Europe a syndicate of Great Powers undertook to rule the world; in America a complexus of feeble Powers looked to the United States for sympathy, commerce, recognition, aid, and comfort. At the same moment the Oregon question was presented in a new form through the preposterous claims of Russia; and our relations with Florida were such as to make necessary a treaty with Spain for its cession, as the alternative to war." Would American statesmanship rise to the opportunities, commensurate with the perils, of this complex situation?

The question of the authorship of the Monroe Doctrine, in the sense of the Doctrine of the Message of December 2, 1823, has recently been reopened with vigour by the partisans of President

Monroe as against his Secretary of State, John Quincy Adams; and it is a question worth entering upon not only for its own sake but also for the light which it is capable of throwing upon the meaning of the Doctrine. Addressed to the American Congress, this celebrated document laid two inhibitions upon the chancelleries of Europe, each accompanied by a reciprocal ordinance of self-denial on the part of the United States. In its seventh paragraph the Message lays down the proposition, with immediate reference to the Russian advance along the Northwest coast, that "the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects for future colonization by any European Powers". This is explicitly stated to be "a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved"; while along with it should be considered the pledge given in the forty-eighth paragraph of the message, that "with the existing colonies and dependencies of any European Power we have not interfered and shall not interfere". In this same forty-eighth paragraph occurs also the warning meant for the European champions of autocracy, that "we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing" the new Governments whose independence we had just acknowledged, "or controlling in any other manner their destiny by any European Power, in any other light than as the manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States". In support of this warning is invoked our own abstention from the wars of Europe "in matters relating to themselves", our devotion to republican principles and to the maxim that "the government *de facto* is the legitimate government", and finally a just concern for "our own peace and safety".

That the non-colonization principle should be credited to Secretary Adams rather than to the President is generally conceded, and is at any rate amply proved by the former's contemporary dispatches to our representatives at the courts of St. James's and St. Petersburg. These same dispatches also elucidate the assumption which underlies this particular paragraph of the Message, namely, that even such parts of the American continents as were still unoccupied at that date had never-

theless been legally appropriated. The year before this the Spanish King had finally ratified the Treaty of 1819, ceding Florida to the United States, and with it, for good measure, all of Spain's claims in the Pacific Northwest above the forty-second parallel. In his dispatches Adams develops the thesis that by this treaty the United States had become the residuary heir of Spain in North America, that nature itself pointed to the United States as the rightful sovereign of the Northwest, that European settlements in that region were henceforth debarred. From the outset, in short, the non-colonization principle was a weapon with two edges—one edge for defense against European intruders, the other the weapon of Manifest Destiny.

It is with reference to the second part of the Message that the question of authorship is actively pressed by those who charge Massachusetts with endeavoring to snatch laurels from Virginia's brow. Let us see what the issue is and the moral thereof. In the first place, the quarrel can hardly be over the credit due for the form of the Message, which, adequate as it is for its purposes, is after all only prose. Moreover, when we consider its content, we soon discover that neither President nor Secretary of State is entitled to figure largely in the distribution of honours. The Doctrine of the Two Spheres is almost as old as the Declaration of Independence, and its extension to the entire sisterhood of American republics, as against Europe, had been suggested by Jefferson as early as 1813. Also it is Jefferson who formulated, during Washington's first administration, the American doctrine of recognition as a corollary of the maxim that just governments rest upon the consent of the governed. Even the idea that the United States ought to forefend European intervention in Latin America by an intervention of its own, did not originate with the Administration at Washington, but with George Canning, British Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, whose proposal was transmitted to Washington by the American Minister, Rush, in the late summer of 1823.

What, then, one may well ask, remains to be claimed for the Doctrine at the moment of its enunciation, save possibly the assumption by the President of certain grave responsibilities for the United States in the specific contingency before him? Yet

this is not all, for the question had also to be answered, as to what form the proposed intervention was to take, and it is the answer finally returned to this question which constitutes precisely the original significance of the Doctrine—makes it in fact a *doctrine*, with all that that word implies of guidance to future policy, rather than an episode bridging a lack of policy.

Canning's proposal was that the United States and Great Britain should unite in an announcement to the world against any "forcible enterprise" by the European allies for subjugating the Spanish American colonies. Monroe thought "we ought to meet the proposal of the British Government", as also did Jefferson, whom he consulted. Madison was for going even farther. "Will it not be honourable," he asked, "to our country, and possibly not altogether in vain, to invite the British Government to extend the avowed disapprobation of the project against the Spanish colonies to the enterprise of France against Spain herself; and even to join in some declaratory act on behalf of the Greeks?" The suggestion captured the President's imagination; not so his Secretary's. On the one hand, Great Britain was no champion of republican ideas, and her present coincidence of interests with ours was purely casual and temporary; on the other hand, our policy was already settled of not interfering with European quarrels. We, therefore, should not "come in as a cock-boat in the wake of the British man-of-war," but "make an American cause and adhere inflexibly to it".

Should America go tilting abroad in order to make the world safe for republicanism; or should it join its action in the present instance to a maxim of policy long deemed settled, and link the cause of republicanism with its own safety? Expansive Virginia said one thing; churlish Massachusetts the other—and Monroe's Message is proof that Massachusetts carried the day; albeit could Canning have brought himself to recognize the South American republics the outcome would probably have been otherwise. Fortunately he could not, with the result that the Message of December 2, 1823, instead of announcing the abandonment of the Doctrine of the Two Spheres, illustrates and perfects it. What was originally laid down in the humility of weakness is reasserted in the confident spirit of rising power. The cause of

republicanism in the Western Hemisphere is allied to that of the territorial destiny of the United States in North America. Was that an alliance which could endure?

It has been generally supposed that the Message of December 2 was warmly applauded in England, and this is true so far as the warning there given against European intervention in Latin America is concerned. Quite otherwise was it with the non-colonization principle. So seriously offended were British statesmen by this assertion that more than three years later Gallatin, who had succeeded Rush at St. James's, found their pique still an insurmountable obstacle to the satisfactory settlement of the Oregon question. The British perception that the doctrine of the Message was twofold, and that they no less than the Continental autocrats were addressed in the non-colonization principle, was correct. It was not until Polk's Presidency, however, that this principle was given a decidedly anti-British twist. Readily convinced of what he wished to believe, Polk found Great Britain actively pursuing an encircling policy against the United States. The Canadas, New Brunswick, and Nova Scotia were already hers; in the West Indies she was dominant; in Texas and California she was laying her snares. He accordingly deemed the moment "a proper occasion to reiterate and affirm the principle avowed by Mr. Monroe and to state my cordial concurrence in its wisdom and sound policy".

Unquestionably it has been of great advantage to a legalistic people like ourselves to have had the moral support of a doctrine in prosecuting our own interests. Texas was annexed in 1845; California three years later; meantime, in 1846, the United States had become the guarantor of good order across the Isthmus of Panama; and in 1848, Polk warned England and Spain that neither would be permitted to acquire Yucatan even with the latter's consent. Perhaps he might have gone farther—have acquired all Mexico and annexed Cuba—had not the bugaboo of slavery in the Territories paralyzed our taking hand at this moment. As it was, the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850,—“floated through the Senate on champagne,”—by admitting Great Britain to equal partnership with the United States in the building and control of any canal or other line of communication

across the Central American isthmus, gave the Doctrine a decided check; while the Ostend Manifesto, in 1854, by the demand which it voiced for the immediate annexation of Cuba, aroused execration in a great part of the Union and led to the suggestion in South America of a Latin-American alliance of defence against this country. When we finally went to Cuba, forty-four years later, it was in the name of republicanism and self-determination, not of Manifest Destiny; and Mexico, the beneficiary of our intervention in 1867, has been similarly preserved.

Recent history of the Monroe Doctrine dates from the intervention of the United States in 1895 in the British-Venezuela boundary dispute. In advancing the claim of the United States to substitute itself for the other American disputant, Secretary Olney wrote: "Today the United States is practically sovereign on this continent, and its fiat is law upon the subjects to which it confines its interposition." The British considered the claim outrageous, but they yielded to it all the same; and, what is more, in doing so they paved the way for a much more substantial abdication of British rights in this hemisphere, when six years later the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty gave place to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. Two years after that Mr. Roosevelt "took Panama", pleading in justification a theory of international eminent domain which seemed to imply that the United States held the underlying title to all the soil on this half of the globe; while his Big Stick doctrine, formulated a little later, put the United States *in loco parentis* to all American States as regards their relations with outsiders. Both Mr. Taft and Mr. Wilson wielded the Big Stick, though their ministrations were confined to the region of the Caribbean. Mr. Wilson indeed went farther. He would fain have claimed for the United States the right to supervise Latin-American concessions to European beneficiaries; while his policy of non-recognition in the case of revolutionary governments in Mexico, Peru, and Costa Rica was an outright repudiation of a fundamental tenet of the Message of December 2, 1823. Meantime, in 1912, apropos the rumour that a Japanese company had bought land about Magdalena Bay in Southern California, with a view to transferring it to the Japanese Government for a naval station, the Senate had passed a resolution which

extended the non-transferability doctrine from transactions involving European Governments to those involving corporations, whether European or Asiatic.

That Latin Americans should, with this record before them, feel that the Monroe Doctrine has come to spell hegemony for us rather than autonomy for them, is far from remarkable; nor that they should see in hegemony a weapon ready to the hand of an imperialistic tendency ever threatening to sever the leash of the idealistic strand of the Doctrine, "To save themselves from Yankee imperialism," wrote Señor Garcia-Calderon, with the taking of Panama fresh in mind, "the American democracies would almost accept a German alliance or the aid of Japanese arms;" or as another South American has put it: The Monroe Doctrine is "a doctrine of absorption"; it is "the shield and buckler of United States aggression; it is a sword suspended by a hair over the Latin-American continent."

Yet I do not discover that the publicists and statesmen of South America wish to see the Doctrine scrapped; what they demand is assurance against what they consider its misapplication. To quote again from Señor Calderon: "In principle, the Monroe Doctrine is an essential outgrowth in the public code of the New World. . . . The wisest statesmen have no thought of divorcing this Doctrine from the future history of America, even when they criticize its excesses most severely." As a matter of fact, Señor Calderon explicitly accepts the United States as the conservator of peace among the nations of the Western Hemisphere, an interpretation which has been recently illustrated in the fruitful labours of Mr. Hughes for union among the Central American States. But the complete appeasement of Latin-American opinion can come about in only two ways: first, by the constant, unremitting manifestation of that spirit of Christian forbearance which found expression in Mr. Wilson's policy toward Mexico; secondly, by the recognition that the Monroe Doctrine has become, in these latter days, a principle of *intra*-continental, as well as of *inter*-continental, law, and that as regards its newer aspect its interpretation must sooner or later be shared with some at least of our Pan-American associates. Viewed in this light, the mediation of the A B C Powers in 1914

between ourselves and Mexico was a precedent of the highest importance.

It is, however, in its aspect as "inter-continental law"—to employ Clay's description of it—that the Monroe Doctrine is most under fire in this country at the present moment. The question raised is whether the principle of the Two Spheres—the original core of the Doctrine—is still a valid definition of this nation's relationship to Europe; or whether it stands in the way of a better definition? The critics of the Doctrine point out that, whereas in 1823 the ocean was a physical barrier against undesirable intrusions from Europe, that is not so today, and indeed that no such barrier is needed; that whereas Europe was autocratic a hundred years ago, it is today largely democratic, while on this continent the United States is no longer hemmed in by more powerful neighbours. Furthermore, it is contended that we logically abandoned the Doctrine when, in consequence of the Spanish-American War, we acquired territory on the other side of the Pacific; and that, at any rate, our entrance into the World War for world objectives committed us to a programme with which the Doctrine can in no wise be squared. Finally, it is argued that the problem of international peace is today the most pressing of all problems, that on its solution depends the fate of civilization itself, that in such a situation America can no longer lay claim to a separate destiny, but that its fate is bound up with that of the race, especially with that part of the race whose blood and culture she shares. For these reasons it is urged that the Doctrine be forthwith abandoned, as at best an irrelevancy, as at worst a superstition which clogs intelligent thought and action.

Suppose it be admitted that the Monroe Doctrine is irrelevant to certain problems which today urgently confront our diplomacy—that would not prove that it should be abandoned as to other problems to which it might be relevant. Nor can all the allegations of fact on which criticism of the Doctrine is based be conceded. Thus, it may well be questioned whether our entry into the late war committed us at the moment to anything more than the defence of our rights—an enterprise for which the phraseology of the Message of December 2, 1823, makes careful allow-

ance. Also, this same document contains a passage expressing the sympathetic interest of the American people in the Greek struggle for liberty then going on, from which it may be concluded that the Doctrine lays no paralyzing restriction upon the formation of public opinion in this country respecting happenings abroad which are calculated to arouse the moral sentiments. Yet again, how can it be said that a principle which—in the words of Jefferson—calls for “peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations”, hampers the development of national policy in the furtherance of any of these great interests of mankind, so long as the moral judgment of the American people is kept politically unentangled, as it was so fortunately in 1917?

The practical nub of criticism of the Doctrine is, of course, that we should enter the League of Nations. But the League Covenant itself recognizes in the Monroe Doctrine “a regional understanding for the maintenance of peace”. The champions of the Doctrine, however, were not satisfied with this recognition, because they found other provisions in the Covenant which they thought tended to undermine the Doctrine as a guarantee of regional peace in an effort to obtain peace by agglomeration. The issue thus raised need not be debated here. It is sufficient to say that the whole tendency in the League today is toward the theory of regional rather than general guarantees, and that this theory underlies the pending disarmament project.

And the principle of regionalism may also assist redefinition of our relationship to the outside world in harmony with our traditions in yet another way, since it is capable of meeting the principal difficulty in the way of adherence to the World Court. The basis of the World Court’s decisions must, of course, be furnished by international law. Hence the question arises, whether there is any incompatibility between international law and the Monroe Doctrine, so that an application of the former would weaken the latter? All depends upon the scope of international law. If it is broad enough to take account of long-standing diversities of practice in the grand divisions of the globe, no fear need be entertained for the Monroe Doctrine. But if it is not broad enough, still the moral advantage rests with the Doctrine, inasmuch as it conflicts with international law only

in disallowing rights of exploitation in this hemisphere which some versions of international law would allow. That the Doctrine puts no obstacle in the way of an impartial determination of the interests which it protects, is proved by our demand in 1895 that the British-Venezuela boundary dispute be submitted to arbitration.

For the rest, the Doctrine still retains its validity in at least two respects: It is still true that Europe should not be permitted to recruit strength on American soil for the prosecution of its ancient vendettas, or to control the destinies of the American peoples by political means; it is also true that any durable settlement in Europe must rest on what the evolutionists call its own "resident forces"—not on an American prop. As to the interest of the United States in maintaining the Doctrine, that no longer arises from the presence of formidable neighbours—thanks in part to the Doctrine itself—nor even perhaps from a perception of distinctive destiny. Rather it arises from a distinctive problem, that of welding into one American nation peoples drawn from all nations, of creating in the breasts of these peoples a national tradition which will sever old allegiances. That the Doctrine of the Two Spheres is decidedly relevant to this problem was amply demonstrated in the late war.

All of which does not blink the fact that there is danger of making the Doctrine a fetish, entitled to exact worship on the score of alleged achievement regardless of present worth. The idea of having a *doctrine* with which foreign policy must be squared is one which is well calculated to appeal to American constitutionalism, but the parallel suggested must not be pressed unduly. A constitution in the American sense is a grant of powers not to be exceeded, while the Monroe Doctrine does not, and never did, establish a closed system of foreign relationship; nor does it disclose an end in itself, as do certain statements of constitutional liberty. In all our relations impartiality is to be our rule; and the objective of this course of conduct is the building up of a nation which shall be strong enough to illustrate in a field where they have usually been lacking, the virtues of magnanimity and benevolence.

EDWARD S. CORWIN,

THE ECONOMIC POLICIES OF THE UNITED STATES—I

POLITICS AND ECONOMICS

BY C. REINOLD NOYES

THE statement that the position and economic relations of the United States have been revolutionized by the Great War has already become a platitude. But, like many other important commonplaces, though the fact is recognized its implications are not. The changes have been so fundamental that our bearings have been lost and it will be only through a process of profound and general study, a complete revision of the accepted point of view, and a bold but experimental course, that we can meet the new problems which have been thrust on us by events beyond our control. It is one thing to accept a fact, another to comprehend it, and still a third to translate the thought into action fitting to the occasion. The people of the United States are now challenged to rouse themselves from the habits of economic thought accumulated through the experience of a period which is ended and to prepare for a career which may break new ground in the progress of mankind.

Continental Europe is decrepit, the Orient is awake, and the United States has emerged as the predominant World Power. Our manufactures have suddenly outdistanced our agriculture; we are threatened with an unprecedented influx of alien peoples; we are in possession of about half the world's gold supply; we have acquired the second largest fleet of merchant shipping; we have shifted from a debtor to a great creditor nation. Such changes in dynamic and static pressures, from within and without, have discovered new strains and stresses and have developed the inherent weaknesses of old institutions and practices, some of which managed to survive the ante-bellum period of peaceful stability though they were outworn, while others, adapted to the

needs of those days, are entirely unfit in these. To date we have treated ourselves to first aid only.

It is not enough to let nature take its course, nor to rely on the undisturbed operation of economic law to cure such maladjustments to a new environment. Men do not need to blunder blindly through each seismic epoch of history. What is required is wise and positive leadership. The politician with his ear to the ground must give place to the statesman with his eye to the future. As Sir James Stewart said of the Industrial Revolution in 1796, "It becomes the business of the statesman to interest himself so far in the consequences, as to provide a remedy for the inconveniences resulting from the sudden alteration."

Yet at this very crisis in the history of the United States, the political parties are peculiarly adrift. Their platforms and their policies when in power are nearly indistinguishable, and they are divided within themselves by schisms and revolts. Their leaders have become followers whose principal purpose seems to be to perpetuate themselves in office, and to that end to take no decided stand nor decisive action, but to compromise among the demands of the most clamorous. The choice of the voters has been between men, not between principles. That this choice does not satisfy the people is clearly shown by the large number of established political reputations which have been suddenly upset and by the number of unknown and unqualified candidates who have taken the places of veterans. This turbulent condition is natural to times of discontent because many old representatives are found no longer to represent adequately their constituents. Ability and experience are too frequently not joined to alertness nor to a sincere sympathy with the desires and difficulties of the voters. The rebellion signifies only discontent, not revolution, and it is, as usual, fruitless at the beginning. No constructive programme nor real leadership results from such disorganized ebullitions. It is a period of little, untried men, petty politics, blocs, radical theories, old errors in new guises, and of a general lack of working unanimity.

Judging by the past these phenomena are the symptoms of a changing political alignment, of a period of solution from which new compounds will be precipitated. Habit, uncertainty and

inapprehensiveness delay the realignment. But the time must come and come soon when the new differentiation will appear, and the issues will again be sharply joined between two major parties.

Along what line will the new cleavage reappear? Will it be between sections or between classes? Is the future development of party government in this country to be based on the classic distinction between Conservative and Radical, or is it to be based on the clash of interest between the Agricultural and the Industrial sections? Hitherto it has tended more toward sectional lines, based originally upon opposed economic interests and perpetuated by the acrimony of a civil conflict.

Our country is almost a continent in itself. This fact has always threatened the possibility of a gradual disintegration such as has occurred in Europe. The interests of the sections are diverse—far more so than is generally appreciated. Some have no resources except their man power; others have vast natural resources which they are wasting by too rapid private exploitation; while still others lack nothing so much as man power to exploit theirs. Some have a plethora of capital, while others starve for lack of it. There are the creditor sections and the debtor sections. Nature, man and the stage of development show almost as wide a range of diversity in the United States as is found on any other continent. Nevertheless, inured to the habit of unity and coöperation, broken only by one appeal to force, we have in the past managed to compromise our differences, or have allowed the densely populated to overrule the sparsely settled districts.

To a large extent this half century of internal peace has been due to conditions which are now rapidly passing away. The manner of settlement of the Trans-Mississippi territory defined for a time its political character. The South colonized with its poorest white population; the North with its best, combined with the most substantial and consanguineous of foreign immigrants. Sons of Southern planters stayed at home, as was suitable to a landed aristocracy. It was the "poor whites" and the mountaineers who settled the tier of Southwestern States across the Mississippi—Missouri, Arkansas and Louisiana—and who

filtered into the wilderness of Texas and the Indian Territory "before the War". The Missouri Compromise established the political cast of this section. After the Civil War there overflowed from the prosperous, growing North, where landowning was but unpretentious farming, a virile stock of younger sons to people the West. Waves of early immigration, composed of "'48" Germans and later of Scandinavians, broke over the East and poured into the Upper Mississippi Valley. The mass was so great that it spread down into the area engrossed by the South, changed the character of Missouri, occupied Kansas and Nebraska and, at the last, took much of Colorado, New Mexico and Arizona, nearly balanced the Southerners in Texas, and, when Oklahoma was opened, rapidly outnumbered the Southerners there.

As a result of the then recent schism between the South and North it was but natural that each group of settlers should have retained its own heritage of political tradition, and that the new States of the last half century should have been added to the Republican or Northern column. Now, however, that these Trans-Mississippi colonies have become full-fledged commonwealths, arrived at manhood's estate, they will display more tendency to think for themselves, to forget the link with their paternity and to exchange early acquired predilections for an indigenous political programme suited to their needs and genius.

The danger of sectional disintegration is not imaginary. In so far as the character of these great districts is fixed and the types of development diverge, discord is more likely to increase than decrease and the threat of separation to become more imminent. Great size is a source of weakness as well as of strength, and the bonds which hold together a highly specialized congeries must strengthen as the mass increases, or the biological tendency towards scission comes into play.

It is therefore desirable for the future unity of the United States that the distinction between the two major political groups should be directed as rapidly as possible toward the classic lines of Conservatism and Liberalism, or Radicalism, and that the appeal of party policy should be to the native bent, temperament and circumstances of the individual regardless of

his whereabouts. Only in this way can the constructive forces in the nation be knit together politically as they are in other ways. But if the Republican party is to retain its hold, and the growth of an Agricultural-Industrial schism is to be inhibited, then the political power of this adolescent Western civilization must be conceded and a way must be found by which the needs of its preponderant Conservative class, the farmer-proprietor, can be made to coincide with those of the Conservative classes in the industrial sections. Then too, as a happy by-product, it is not impossible that the first real rent in the Solid South might ensue from a sincere effort towards *rapprochement* on the part of the Republican party.

Before discussing the definite programme which such a movement would require, it is advisable to examine in detail the various districts, or groups of States, to determine their economic character, their past and present political leanings and their political power. The following summary divides the States, not quite according to accepted, but by economically homogeneous, grouping.

New England—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut and Rhode Island: The manufacturing population exceeds the agricultural in all these States, and only in Maine and Vermont is the agricultural portion more than one-quarter of those engaged in gainful occupations. There are little or no natural resources. In all but Maine and Vermont over half the population is urban. These are the ancient, rock-ribbed Republican States, where sectional interests seem to outweigh all other political considerations. New England is the original “bloc”—the counterpart of the “Solid South”. Senators, Republican, 10 to 2; Representatives, Republican 26 to 6, as against 30 to 2 in the Sixty-Seventh Congress.

Industrial Section—New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania; Ohio, Michigan, Indiana, Illinois; Delaware, Maryland, and West Virginia: The manufacturing population exceeds the agricultural in all these States except West Virginia, and only in Indiana and West Virginia is the agricultural population over one-quarter of the workers. In Pennsylvania and West Virginia over one-tenth of the working population is engaged in mining.

Agriculture is still important in the western section and most of these States are actively exploiting great stores of natural wealth—coal, oil and iron. All but West Virginia show a majority of urban population. Historically this section has been Republican, though Ohio and Indiana have been considered pivotal States and Maryland is torn between its generic Democracy and its present interests. At the present time, while powerful centres of “boss” infection confuse the prognosis, it seems that the new alignment between Conservative and Radical is making its first appearance here and that it will be increasingly difficult in the future to carry this region on grounds of sectional appeal or to secure its vote as a unit on any issue. Senators, Republican, 12 to 8; Representatives, Republican, 116 to 61, as against 160 to 16 in the Sixty-Seventh Congress.

Agrarian Section—Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Iowa; Missouri, Kansas and Nebraska: The agricultural exceeds the manufacturing population in all these States except Wisconsin. Wisconsin may be regarded as the border between industry and farming, for its agricultural population is still well over a quarter of all workers. In Minnesota and Missouri, as well, manufacturing is sufficiently developed to employ over a quarter of the workers. Nevertheless all these States have a majority of rural inhabitants. It is the great district of homeowners. Natural resources are of real importance in Minnesota and Kansas. Politically this is the errant section. In the south it espoused Free Silver in the Populist days and has since vacillated towards Democracy. In the north its vagaries have been toward Insurgent Republicanism. It is perhaps the pivotal section of the future, but on social questions it will always be fundamentally Conservative in character. Senators, Republican, 12 to 1; Representatives, Republican, 50 to 15, as against 66 to 2 in the Sixty-Seventh Congress.

Solid South—Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, Florida; Alabama, Mississippi, Tennessee, Kentucky; Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Texas: In all these States the agricultural population exceeds the manufacturing, and only in Florida is the number engaged in manufacturing over one-quarter of the workers. The important natural resources are timber east of the

Mississippi, and oil west of it. All have a greater rural than urban population, but, except in Texas and Oklahoma, the greater part of the rural population is of a different character from that elsewhere in the country, being small landholders of a renter, or peasant, type and not of the capitalistic farming class. The "Solid South" has been uniformly Democratic in politics through the tradition growing out of the Civil War, and because, before that time, it represented the Planter interest against the Trader interest of the North. It has been in the past the sore spot of sectionalism, and its political amalgamation with the rest of the country is one of the most essential needs of the time. Senators, Democratic, 24 to 2; Representatives, Democratic, 116 to 6.

Mountain Section—Montana, Wyoming, Idaho, Nevada, Utah, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico: This thinly populated district has a preponderance of agricultural population. In Wyoming, Arizona and Nevada, mining occupies a considerable portion of the workers. This is also a district of home-owners. The rural population far exceeds the urban in the entire section. Natural resources in mines, oil and timber constitute the principal sources of wealth. Politically the district is of doubtful complexion, though its population is at present so small that it has little influence except in the Senate. Senators, Republican, 9 to 7; Representatives, Republican, 9 to 5, showing a slight change in favour of the Democrats in the Sixty-Eighth Congress.

Pacific Coast—Washington, Oregon, California: In California and Washington the manufacturing population exceeds the agricultural. In fact, the latter is less than one-quarter of all workers. Oregon, on the other hand, has more people engaged in agriculture than in manufacturing. Here the former is over a quarter and the latter less than a quarter of all workers. In many respects Oregon is, at the present time, more closely allied to the Mountain States, but it is included in the Pacific Coast group because it is rapidly approaching the condition of Washington and California. In all these States the urban population constitutes one-half or over. It will be seen that the Pacific Coast is becoming industrial in character and that its interests are more closely allied with those of the East than with those of

the great territory which lies between. This section has been uniformly Republican in politics, though tinged with insurgency. Senators, Republican, 5 to 1; Representatives, Republican, 15 to 3.

This analysis shows the following party division according to sections in the two Houses of Congress.

	SENATE		HOUSE	
	<i>Republican</i>	<i>Democratic</i>	<i>Republican</i>	<i>Democratic</i>
New England.....	10	2	26	6
Industrial.....	12	8	116	61
Agrarian.....	12	1	50	15
South.....	2	24	6	116
Mountain.....	9	7	9	5
Pacific Coast.....	5	1	15	3
	—	—	—	—
	50	43	222	206

From this it is clear that the Agrarian section now holds the balance of power in both Houses of a Congress which is otherwise almost equally divided between the two parties. The "Agricultural Bloc" is therefore in position at the present time to get all of its logs rolled. But, on the other hand, the potential political power of the industrial and of the agricultural districts is quite evenly balanced. New England, the Industrial Section and the Pacific Coast, voting solid, could control the House of Representatives by 230 to 205 votes. The Agricultural States could control the Senate by 58 to 38 votes. And the relative power of each in the Electoral College would be almost exactly equal.

If such a complete sectional division should arise, the effectiveness of party government would be destroyed, since that requires that the party in power should have its leader in the White House and a working majority in both Houses of Congress. The result of such division has always been inaction, the neutral measures characteristic of compromise between opposite views, and a more or less complete absence of definite, coherent and continuous policy both in domestic and foreign affairs. At the present time we are drifting rapidly towards this situation.

If the old alignment continues, the Republican party will be in an almost untenable position. It can no longer depend on a

solid vote from the industrial sections. Yet its major policies are opposed to the interests of the agricultural sections, and, as a result, that wing of the party is already asserting its independence. There is only one way of salvation. It lies in the adoption of a new *rôle* which will break up sectional coalitions and secure the support of those classes which, in the greater part of the country, are in the majority. The campaign of 1896 is warrant for the conclusion that, at a time when the voter is vacillating, what is needed to reaffirm essential party loyalty is a hard-fought contest over great issues. At that time ten important States, which had been drifting into the Democratic column, were brought back into Republican ranks and remained loyal for several elections on account of the antagonism aroused by Bryan's Free Silver campaign.

If the Republican party is to become the Conservative party it must sponsor such a programme as will appeal to the naturally Conservative classes. For the most part these voters will be found among property owners, including all home-owners and local taxpayers. Farmers are the most numerous group and, when aroused by an important economic issue, the most powerful politically. Merchants, manufacturers, financial and transportation interests, producers of raw materials from natural resources, together with the professional classes and all persons living on income from property, constitute with the agriculturalists the backbone of the Conservative group. But a large part of the older, steadier and more intelligent working people, particularly those of the "white collar" type, also naturally align themselves behind Conservative leadership. And this is particularly true in times of stress. In the aggregate these groups represent a large majority of all citizens and include the best intelligence and provide the natural leadership of this or any other nation. They are today controlling the policies of all great peoples except those which are in ruins. And this sad inference points the moral that it is this alignment which will more than ever before be required to meet the social as well as the economic problems of the future.

It is an undertaking of the greatest difficulty to modify the time-honoured creed of a political party, even if it has been worn to empty phrases. This is true, both because the confirmed

adherents of the party do not readily accept new doctrine, and because the needed recruits from other parties are slow to be won over from their old allegiance. Both custom and ignorance tend to keep the wheels in the rut. Old policies have become fortified by a sort of sanction, fostered by usage and tradition, until morality, the wisdom of experience and schools of learned thought have seemed to confirm them in a quality of eternal and ubiquitous rightness.

Yet the criteria of economic policy are not those of right and wrong. Apart from the considerations of equity, security and stability there is no element of right or wrong in such policies. On the contrary they are merely instruments to effect certain purposes. These purposes may be the satisfaction of the general needs of the period, but they are more often specific benefits required by certain elements which have special political power. Where advantage is gained for one group, a corresponding disadvantage usually accrues to some other. If the burdens of debtors are lightened, creditors are injured. If industrial labour is benefitted, agriculturalists usually suffer. Certainly fairness and political expediency in a democracy require that the greatest good of as many as possible be attained, and this requisite of political success usually serves in the long run to maintain a reasonable balance of favours to all groups.

There is no economic policy which is universally correct at all times and places. Sound doctrine in one period is heresy in the next. As a matter of fact, history shows that the dogmas of political economy are the consequences of and are evolved to justify the practical policies that have been worked out to meet conditions at each stage. The only common factor of succeeding schools which seems to have the permanent sanction of experience is the recurrent demolition of obsolete institutions and the elimination of worn-out restrictions, artificial stimulation and barriers to free development—in other words, a return towards *laissez-faire*. Periodically the crystalline mass must be liquefied to permit a new flux, a new polarization, and a new structure.

To a certain extent nations seem to pass through a somewhat uniform cycle of economic evolution in each age. There are three arcs in this orbit, that of rise, that of ascendancy and that

of decline. The range and duration of each nation's cycle is largely dependent upon the extent and availability of natural resources and upon the course which the channels of trade happen to take with regard to them. Various nations are at different stages of their cycles at the same moment. In a general way there seems to have been a succession in these cycles which has moved gradually from East to West, presumably because hitherto the frontier of unexplored and relatively unpeopled lands lay to the west, and a wall of impenetrably dense population lay to the east.

Continental Europe—and perhaps England—seems to be arriving at the beginning of its stage of decline. We are perhaps at the end of our period of rise. Our situation is in no way analogous to Europe's. Yet it has been customary for the Radical element to direct our attention to Europe as if there we might perceive the light of a new day. And this, as Lewis Carroll might have said, is strange, because the sun of the new day has a habit of rising in the West.

On the other hand we can look back and find a strong resemblance between the changes that were revolutionizing England in the early part of the nineteenth century and the transformations which are troubling us today. Then England was passing from an agricultural to a manufacturing nation. The protective economy of the Mercantilists had been undermined by Adam Smith and was later turned to general ridicule. England was establishing herself in a new trade with the wheat exporting countries, exceeding her old trade with the wheat importers. Her banking was beginning to feel the strain of world finance. The internal balance as between vested interests was shifting. We can gain by the experience and profit by the mistakes in cognate circumstances of our nearest prototype. Historical example and actual experiment are the only guides available in perfecting the political economy of the new era.

It is clear that we have come to a fork in the road, and that we must choose between a headlong change from an agricultural to an industrial people, on the one hand, or, on the other, a restoration of the former balance and a continuance through another and greater era as a substantially self-contained economic partnership

between industry and agriculture. If we elect the latter course, the policy of artificial stimulation of industry and the resultant artificial handicaps on agriculture must cease. Industrialization will come eventually in spite of all we may do. But in the meantime, we can maintain the wholesome influence arising from the infiltration of population from the farm and the virile social strength contributed by that element which is in immediate contact with the soil, if we seek to perpetuate as long as possible the balance between the two great lines of production.

The major economic-political issues of the near future will be Free Trade versus Protective Tariff; Inflation of Credit versus Sound Money; Exclusion versus Immigration; the character of Taxation; Government Control and Ownership of Utilities; and finally the nature of our Foreign Policy. While the differentiation between the parties has been far from definite upon these issues, the Democratic platform has in the past espoused Free Trade, modified later into a half-hearted Tariff for Revenue Only; shown a tendency towards Cheap Money (Inflation), first under the guise of Free Silver and later through the introduction of the Federal Reserve System and its reduction of required reserves; the incidence of taxation upon property owners through Direct Taxation; Exclusion as a protective embargo in favor of Labour; the increase of Government Control and Ownership; and a Foreign Policy of a liberal, idealistic, interventionist character. The Republican party has generally favored a high Protective Tariff; Sound Money on the gold basis, and, more recently, deflation of credit; Indirect Taxation; "less government in business"; Dollar Diplomacy prior to the War and non-intervention since the War. While the Republican party has taken no stand upon Restriction, it is under great pressure from powerful supporters to modify the present measures.

Immigration, as an economic issue, depends finally upon the course of action followed with reference to the Tariff. The questions of Taxation and Government Control are already clearly and correctly envisaged by the leaders of each party. The Republicans have elected the stand which should appeal to Conservatives wherever they may be, and should suit for the most part the present sectional supporters of the party.

The immediate and pressing domestic issues, upon which the alignment is now neither clear nor consistent, will be Low Tariff versus High Tariff and Sound Money versus Inflation. As yet these two questions do not seem to have been recognized as the most fundamental and momentous in consequences of all those we have to face. Their bearing upon the welfare of the various groups which go to make up the nation, and the extent to which Republican doctrine on these subjects must be modified in order to meet changing times and to secure the support of those who will naturally form the Conservative party, requires thorough examination and discussion. This I will undertake in succeeding articles.

Finally, the third great question is that of our Foreign Policy. Much pressure is now being brought to bear upon us, both from within and from without, to abandon our traditional attitude of political independence and isolation, and, upon economic grounds, to undertake to intervene in the affairs of an ailing world. Political internationalism is the new creed of some leading classes in America. It is a mixture of idealistic "good will towards men" and the beginnings of an urge to commercial empire. In its first aspect it is admirable and may, perhaps, find means of expression without the practical entanglements consequent upon definite commitments, alliances under new names, or other active diplomatic or military demonstrations. But the second aspect is to be deplored. If ever there has been an occasion when a nation might evince to the cynic world that a great, prosperous commonwealth may exist without threat of domination over or interference with other nations, without territorial ambitions, and without the instinct of exploitation, then these United States of America in the twentieth century present the opportunity. Military or commercial empire has been the ambition of all previous great nations. But always they have themselves been dominated by a military despotism or a commercial oligarchy and the people have been led as sheep to the slaughter. At this parting of the ways in our career, the American people themselves are peculiarly "in the saddle". The decision is in their own hands. And I believe they will demand a policy of non-intervention, of freedom from commitments, of "peace and good will".

From the clod of this almost thoughtless intuition, the sympathetic leaders of the masses may distil the stuff of a vision which will guide our course in the future. It will be a vision of the greatest, richest and most powerful nation in the history of the world, deliberately rejecting precedent, refusing to embark upon an imperial career with its oppression of weaker nations and its forcible acquisition of the natural wealth of foreign lands. Instead of securing its prosperity at the expense of others, it will choose to maintain none but friendly, helpful relations with all peoples, whether their civilization be backward or forward. In full realization of the interdependence of the whole world, it will accept its responsibility as leader and endeavour so to adjust its great affairs as to help, not hinder the lesser nations. Its own prosperity will be a contribution to the welfare of all. And its constructive ideal will be the demonstration, by example only, that certain social and economic principles applied in practice will solve many of the chronic problems which have beset the nations throughout history and will avert the normal process of decay. These principles are peace, work, thrift, and a temperate increase of population.

Such a career was forecast in the words of Washington, which seem so well to reflect the will and wisdom of the common people today and which, it is hoped, may in the course of time become the "shorter catechism" of the American national faith: "I believe it to be the sincere wish of United America to have nothing to do with the political intrigues or the squabbles of European nations; but, on the contrary, to exchange commodities and live in peace and amity with all the inhabitants of this earth; and this I am persuaded they will do if rightfully it can be done."

The Republican party has done well to carry this policy into effect and to abstain from the tempting exercise of a new-found power. It will do well to continue. And at each crisis the voters can be depended on to endorse it as they did in 1920.

But what of our Economic Foreign Policy? In this field we have acquired, almost without calculation, the habit of extreme Economic Nationalism. We have recently erected an almost insuperable tariff barrier against international trade, and have declined to remove the shackles from our merchant marine, or

finance the utilization of an idle fleet which would facilitate the exchange of commodities. Moreover it has scarcely dawned upon us what responsibility is ours, through the force of circumstances, in connection with demoralized world currency and banking.

If the phrase "exchange of commodities" meant to George Washington a free and untrammelled trade between nations, to the mutual gain and advantage of each, would he have approved the artificial and inflated basis upon which by careful manipulation and restriction we are managing to support ourselves at a level out of all relation to the world at large? Surely, in this twentieth century, economic isolation and independence are incompatible with growth and prosperity within. To curtail natural trade relations is to inhibit our own development, to sacrifice our inherent advantages, and to keep our internal prosperity out of balance. Nor is it consonant with "peace and amity" without. The criteria of political and of economic policy are not analogous.

In the sphere of Economic Foreign Policy the doctrine of the Republican party is antiquated. The interests of the Conservative groups in the country demand that it be revised. Thus the major questions of economic policy, both foreign and domestic, resolve themselves into the same elements. Again the fundamentals appear to be Protection or Free Trade, and Sound Money or Inflation. And it is these subjects which will be dealt with in detail in the two following numbers of this REVIEW.

C. REINOLD NOYES.

MUSSOLINI AND THE LEAGUE

BY STEPHANE LAUZANNE

ONE of my most intimate friends happened to be with Signor Mussolini the very day—August 31—that the Italian fleet occupied Corfu, and later recounted the scene to me. The Dictator was seated behind a big table. From without, the feverish agitation that stirred Rome mounted through an open window. But Signor Mussolini remained calm—master of each of his words and movements. Suddenly, someone came in and handed him a document. He glanced through it rapidly, and murmured, “*Bene! Molto bene!*” (Good! Very good!) Then, turning to my friend, he said simply: “It is done. We have occupied Corfu. We shall occupy it until we have received complete satisfaction.” And, quietly, he gave a detailed account of the case, as if speaking of something that had happened long ago.

“It was not for his personal pleasure that General Tellini covered the ground along the Albanian frontier, defining its boundaries, and placing frontier posts. Neither did he do this for Italy. He was there on the order of all the Allied Governments. He was there to accomplish an act that was essentially pacific—that of delimiting the frontier between Greece and Albania. He had already been threatened twice before. The Greeks, dissatisfied with the line traced by the Inter-Allied Commission, held him responsible. They had twice before registered a vehement protest against his decisions, and the very night that preceded his assassination they displaced the frontier posts that had been set up by the Inter-Allied Commissioners. Their moral participation in the perpetration of the crime is beyond doubt. Their legal responsibility for the crime is just as certain. Well, I hold that we must finish once and for all with such savage proceedings. We are continually speaking of first and second class Powers. No! There are neither first nor second class Powers. All countries are morally equal, and have the same

rights. But they also have the same duties. The rights of a small Power do not extend to the point where it may with impunity assassinate the representatives of a greater Power. If they ignore this, they must take the consequences."

My friend pointed out that the Italian decision might be variously interpreted in the rest of Europe and America. "Your decision will no doubt be understood in Paris," he said, "but it will probably be blamed in London." Mussolini's face flushed. His eyes brightened, and his voice fell. "Really?" he exclaimed sarcastically. "So this is the first time that one country having a complaint against another has acted energetically? Is this the first time that a country wishing to obtain satisfaction has seized its guarantees? Is it?"

"Let me tell you a story taken from history. In 1850, a Portuguese Jew, protected by England, Don Pacifico, living in the Piræus, was pillaged in the course of a riot. He immediately asked for an indemnity of 800,000 drachmas. He received nothing. He then appealed to England, his protector. Lord Palmerston was Prime Minister. He replied immediately by sending a British fleet, under the command of Admiral Parker, which blockaded the Piræus, and captured two hundred Greek vessels. The House of Lords found that Lord Palmerston had gone a bit too far, and gave him a vote of censure. But Palmerston appealed to the House of Commons. A formidable debate opened on the subject, and lasted for three days. Palmerston spoke for four hours, and carried off one of the greatest victories of his political career. What did he say? He affirmed the right of England to substitute its action where a foreign court proved itself to be manifestly incompetent; and proclaimed the right of every British citizen to say to the entire world '*Civis Britannicus sum!*' He was acclaimed by the House of Commons. Peel, his adversary, cried in admiration, 'He makes us all proud of him!' And, from that day, Palmerston was called 'the great Pam'. That is what we find in history. So, if for 800,000 drachmas not paid to a Portuguese protégé England could capture two hundred Greek vessels, how many islands has Italy the right to seize for 50,000,000 lire not paid in reparation for the massacre of an entire mission?"

"Why," asked my friend, "do not you permit the League of Nations, now sitting in Geneva, to arbitrate the matter?"

"Because there is nothing to be arbitrated," was the quick reply. "We have no intention of declaring war on Greece, nor has Greece, we believe, the intention of declaring war on us. We have no intention of annexing Corfu—we are merely going to occupy it until Greece has satisfied our demands. These demands are not open to discussion; they do not envisage any change in European status, either political or territorial; they merely ask for apologies, salutes, and the payment of an indemnity for people who were assassinated while accomplishing a pacific mission confided to them by an international organization. These demands we cannot submit to the judgment of Geneva, where the eventual judges have already manifested but too clearly how their judgment would run."

Signor Mussolini had recovered all his calm, and his voice once more became quiet. At this moment the telephone bell rang. The Dictator picked up the receiver and listened. And the same man, who had just shown remarkable *sang froid* in speaking of diplomatic problems dealing with the peace of the world, seemed to be terribly upset, exclaiming, "*E terribile! E una giornata nera!*" (It is terrible! It is indeed a black day!) Tears came to his eyes.

My friend was anxious. He believed some terrible international incident had occurred. But no, it was something else. Two aeronautical accidents had occurred, the one after the other; and four aviators had been killed. They were Italians, young, audacious, and active, who had risked their lives in the air, just as the Dictator himself daily risks his life in automobiles and aeroplanes. And, in the depths of his sorrow, the man who had just shown himself insensible now broke down like a child. All of Mussolini reflected itself in that scene.

But let us go to the bottom of this dispute, which after all was less a dispute between Italy and Greece than one between Italy and the League of Nations. "Geneva," the Italian Dictator had said, "is not qualified to pronounce itself between Rome and Athens. Geneva has not the spirit of an arbitrator." Is this so? If so, what must we think of it?

I happened to be in Geneva when, on September 6, the affair was brought up before the League. A public that was both ardent and nervous filled the Assembly room. The air was fairly saturated with feverish passion. The emotion of the audience reached its height after it had heard Signor Salandra plead the cause of Italy and M. Politis that of Greece. Lord Robert Cecil rose. A strange light burned in his eyes. With impressive solemnity, he asked that the articles of the pact be read. He then added: "If the treaties are not observed, Europe no longer exists." A thrill passed through the galleries; and the reporters stopped writing to applaud. Women stood up and acclaimed the speaker, waving their handkerchiefs. But, for my part, I could not help but think that there were in the Peace Treaty many other articles that are now dead letters. There is, for example, Article 226, which states: "*The Allied and Associated Powers publicly accuse William II of Hohenzollern of supreme offence against international morals and the sacred authority of treaties. A special tribunal shall be constituted to judge the accused.*" This was signed by twenty-seven nations. The article has never been observed; yet Europe continues to exist.

In fact, I have never had so little an impression of a Court of Justice as I had that day of September 6, 1923, when the League of Nations wanted to render justice. Both the jury and the audience were agitated with too much passion. In order to render international justice, just as in the rendering of justice in an ordinary criminal case, a more serene atmosphere, and less noise, is necessary. It is necessary to feel that politics is not brooding over the court. It is also necessary that an inflexible jurisprudence exist upon which the judges may lean with authority. Now the Geneva court has no definite rule of judgment; and its attitude may vary according to time, circumstances and the pleaders. One cannot, for instance, help being struck by its indifference toward events in the Near East in 1921 and 1922. At that time, the whole of Asia Minor was a prey to fire and sword. Fighting was taking place along thousands and thousands of miles. Whole provinces were devastated. Towns were burning. Thousands of human beings perished. Greece threw herself headlong into the conquest of an immense territory.

What did the League of Nations do then? Nothing. What did the conscience of the world say? Nothing. Not once did a debate on the subject arise in Geneva. And the only initiative that the League of Nations thought proper to take in the Near East was to create an inspection of the harems!

Now, this was by no means the first case wherein the League of Nations had been called upon to act on serious divergences between its members. It was at least the fourth. Once, it had before it a divergence between Bolivia and Chile; a second time it was asked to arbitrate between Poland and Lithuania on the Vilna problem; a third time between Great Britain and France on Upper Silesia; and, most recently, on the dispute between Italy and Greece. Let us see what the verdict of the World's Court was in each of these cases.

One day, in September, 1921, Bolivia bitterly complained against Chile before the Assembly of the League. "Our country is as large as France," its delegate pointed out pathetically, "yet, because of a treaty imposed upon us after our defeat of 1883, we are in a state of semi-dependence. We are cut off from the sea; and in view of the fact that Article 19 of the pact states that 'The League from time to time may invite its members to proceed to a new examination of treaties that have become inapplicable,' we ask for a revision of the treaty that has been imposed upon us." Chile objected that one could not continually revise treaties. Furthermore, it added with some pertinence, the Monroe Doctrine did not permit the League of Nations to intervene in the quarrels of the various American States. Seized with respect and terror at this invocation of the Monroe Doctrine, the League immediately put the question into the hands of a Commission, which has been so careful about formulating an opinion that Bolivia has not as yet been able to obtain a reply.

With regard to Vilna, claimed by Lithuania, and annexed by Poland, the attitude of the League has been even more ridiculous. M. Paul Hymans, the Belgian statesman, who was charged by the League with the arbitration of this difference, rendered three successive judgments, none of which has been executed; the Lithuanians taking in his decision that part which served their purpose, and refusing to adhere to that part which displeased

them. The Poles did the same. For two years, the League endeavoured to conciliate the enemy pleaders, with no results. Finally, on March 14, 1923, the Council of Ambassadors, sitting in Paris, traced the eastern frontiers of Poland, and assigned Vilna to that country. That was the end of the dispute. All the merit for this goes to the Council of Ambassadors.

The case of Upper Silesia is practically the only one wherein the decision of the League of Nations was strictly and immediately adhered to by the appealing parties, Great Britain and France. It is therefore the case of which the League is most proud. Now, whenever anyone casts any doubt on the authority of the Geneva Assembly, he is immediately confronted with the Upper Silesia decision. "Do not forget," one is told, "that the League solved the problem confronting the world in Upper Silesia." But, in all honour, one may still point out that any other arbiter might have settled it in a like manner. If, instead of appealing to the Council of the League of Nations, France and Great Britain had appealed to the Supreme Court of the United States, or to the Pope, they might no doubt have obtained a similar verdict; and have bowed before it just as they bowed before the decision of the Geneva Council.

Last, but not least, we have had the conflict between Italy and Greece. It has been settled—but not by the League of Nations. It has been settled by the Council of Ambassadors in Paris.

So, to sum up, of the four cases brought before the League for judgment, in the first (the case of Bolivia and Chile), it failed to render any decision at all; in the second (the case of Vilna), and in the fourth (that of Corfu), it failed to conciliate the pleaders, and was forced to place them in the hands of the Council of Ambassadors in Paris. It was only once (in the case of Upper Silesia) that it succeeded. But any one would have succeeded, as the adverse parties had decided to submit the question to arbitration. Even then, we assisted at the extraordinary spectacle of one of the judges—the Spanish arbiter—refusing to take the responsibility of forming the sentence, and passing his pen to another judge—the Japanese arbiter. This explains why, today, so many Europeans are but little disposed to consider the League of Nations as the World's Court

of Justice, and why they feel much more inclined to look upon it as a club. It may be a club in the high sense of the word. It may be a club where great and noble problems are discussed; and where countries separated by natural distance may learn to know each other, and thereby to come to a better mutual understanding. How many personal susceptibilities may be smoothed out by the mutual relations brought up in a club! What useful arrangements can there not be made through the medium of a club! But a Court of Justice needs something more—more authority—and something less—less nervosity.

Now let us return to the Greco-Italian conflict, and form our conclusions. The conflict has cast light upon a certain number of points that should not be forgotten. In the first place it has proved that in the actual state of Europe, one must unhappily expect here and there certain acts of violence. Certain countries still value human life too lightly; and the representatives of the most pacific organizations, working for the most justifiable of purposes, run as much risk of being killed as the soldiers who some eight years ago ventured forth to battle from their trenches. If the nation whose representative had been foully murdered is a bit quick-blooded, can one stop it from desiring to avenge the outrage at once? Can one stop it from defending its dignity?

And again, it has once more been proved that the old form of diplomacy, which has been so criticised and condemned,—the old diplomacy, silent and knowing its business,—is still more efficient than the new diplomacy, so idolized, which discusses matters in the street in its shirt sleeves. It was really marvelous to note how four old diplomats of the Paris Council solved the problem of Corfu, of which the one hundred and twenty younger diplomats of the League of Nations did not even dare to take hold.

Signor Mussolini is perhaps the newest man in Europe. He has, however, put into relief some of the oldest axioms in the world—that humanity can perfect itself but slowly; and that it is not enough simply to draw up a Covenant in order to bring peace on earth. No Super-State can keep ordinary States from quarrelling, any more than the Super-God Jupiter in his Olympian heights could appease the dissensions among the ordinary gods.

STEPHANE LAUZANNE.

“WHEN GERMANY OCCUPIED FRANCE”: A REPLY

BY HANS DELBRÜCK

Professor of History at the University* of Berlin

I ASK permission to add some supplementary remarks to the article¹ which Mr. Stephane Lauzanne has published in THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

Mr. Lauzanne says Germany (he writes “Prussia”) in the war of 1870 had “so to say not even suffered as much as a broken window”. He has forgotten that at that time, next to England, France was the strongest naval power, and that Germany then, so to speak, had no navy whatever. Owing to this fact the French were able completely to interrupt Germany’s overseas trade and to inflict great damage upon it. Germany’s overseas trade, though not nearly as important as in 1914, was even then of very considerable volume.

Mr. Lauzanne lays stress upon the allegation that the Allied and Associated Powers in 1919 had demanded no indemnity from Germany, “but merely asked reparation for the terrible destruction of life and property”. He omits to say that the Allied and Associated Powers in the Armistice had solemnly pledged themselves to demand compensation solely for the damages inflicted upon the *civilian* population. If this stipulation had been adhered to, Germany would have fulfilled her obligations long ago and peace would reign in the world. In the Treaty of Versailles, however, Germany’s obligations were extended by the interpretation that the soldiers, too, who subsequently returned to civilian life, belonged to the civilian population, and on the strength of this argument Germany was also burdened with all pensions. President Wilson objected and his juridical advisers declared that no American lawyer would lend

¹ Entitled *When Germany Occupied France*.—THE EDITORS.

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himself to approve this interpretation. In spite of this, however, the President gave way to the joint pressure of Lloyd George and Clémenceau. Thereby German reparations have been trebled. Germany asserts, in concurrence with almost all financial experts of the world, that the performance exceeds her capacity of payment. She offers a neutral impartial investigation and Court of Arbitration. France, however, declines this offer and, without the slightest legal title, occupies a number of German towns and the Ruhr District.

Mr. Lauzanne says that, with the exception of the occupation of the left bank of the Rhine, the Treaty of Versailles had provided no guarantee for its fulfilment. He is forgetting the principal thing, viz., the complete disarmament of Germany, dismantling of fortresses, and neutralization of a zone of 50 kilometres east of the Rhine. In 1871 Germany not only did not disarm France but, on the contrary, returned to her all prisoners of war and allowed them to be supplied with arms in order to enable France to suppress the revolutionary outbreak of the Commune and to reëstablish inland order. For the reason that France remained under arms, Germany was compelled to keep parts of French territory occupied until payment of the reparation. For the rest, however, Germany did everything that was possible to facilitate a speedy payment of the reparation on the part of the French; she furthered the International Loan, and even German bankers subscribed to it; today, however, France does everything in her power to make payments by Germany impossible. Mr. Poincaré himself has publicly stated that he would be displeased if Germany were to pay, for the reason that then France would have to evacuate the Rhineland. (*Le Populaire* of July 26, 1922.) When Mr. Briand was endeavouring to conclude an agreement which would have given Germany a possibility of payment, he was overthrown by Mr. Poincaré.

Mr. Lauzanne compares the payment of her debt by France to Germany within two years with Germany's non-payment today. This comparison requires a supplement in the form of the question as to the reason why France paid and Germany has not. France paid, because the amount fixed was so reasonable that the coun-

try was able to pay it within a short time and because German policy aided the speedy restoration of French credit. Germany has not paid, because the sum demanded exceeds her capacity and because French policy prevents the restoration of Germany's credit. The devastation which French policy causes in German economic life today is immeasurably greater by far than all the devastation which the four years of war caused in French economic life. If the French really intended nothing but the payment of a reparation within the limits of Germany's capacity, there would be a very simple remedy in their hands. The occupation of the Rhine and Ruhr District is the most unfit method for obtaining payments from Germany, for the reason that the costs of occupation devour the greatest part of what Germany is able to pay, and because the occupation is most seriously injurious to German economic life. The foreign army of occupation in the Rhine Province is twice as large in numbers as the German troops garrisoned there before 1914. The pay of an English private (according to the rate of exchange prior to the invasion of the Ruhr District) amounted to about one and a half times the salary of the German Chancellor; a General who presides over one of the innumerable Commissions of Control receives, beside his quarters, a cash salary higher than the total salaries of the President of the German Republic, the German Chancellor, all twelve Federal Ministers and all eight Prussian Ministers together.

If France were to evacuate all the occupied territory, with the reservation of reoccupying it should Germany fall in arrears in payments, France would be in possession of a guarantee that could not possibly be more effective and productive. For Germany would make the most extreme efforts to forestall reoccupation by French troops by punctual payments. In case one were to reply that Bismarck, though a wise statesman, did not proceed in this manner in 1871, but kept French Departments occupied until payment, reference must be made to the vast difference that France then had an army, arms and fortifications, whereas Germany today is defenceless. The fact that the French were able to occupy Düsseldorf, Duisburg, the Ruhr District and many other towns, and that according to German opinion in

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contravention of the Treaty of Versailles, without any resistance having been offered by Germany, proves that Germany is completely in the hands of France.

Why then does France need further guarantees, if she really wishes nothing but the payment of the reparation due to her? Mr. Lauzanne cites Mr. Poincaré as saying: “We shall not hold this mortgage a single day longer than is necessary.” Germany and a great part of the world believe, however, that Mr. Poincaré and the French Government will always assert that the occupation of the district is “absolutely necessary” for France. As regards Bismarck, it is an established fact that he wished the occupation of French territory to last as short a time as possible. Mr. Poincaré has the opposite desire. This seems to be a very essential difference between the occupation of that time and of today.

From this difference many other things follow. Mr. Lauzanne refers to the very reasonable instructions which President Thiers at that time issued to the French officials, and asks why President Ebert did not act in the same way. This comparison must be supplemented by the facts that, first, Bismarck at that time issued exactly the same instructions as Thiers; and, second, that the German authorities today have shown even greater considerateness than the French at that time, but that the atrocious brutality with which the French troops of occupation oppress the German population in the occupied territory does not tend to establish now the friendly relations which actually existed between the German troops of occupation and the French population from 1871 to 1873.

I do not wish to illustrate here the incredible atrocities with which the French troops of occupation systematically torture the German population. Even in war there would be no excuse for many of them. Every day people who, peacefully and expecting no wrong, walk along the streets, are shot by French patrols. Many thousands of officials, provincial governors, burgomasters, railway officials, post officials, forest officials, customs officials, have been driven from their homes and expelled from the occupied territory, and not only they alone but also their whole families. Suddenly, within a few hours, sometimes,

these unfortunate ones have had to leave their home and were not allowed to take any of their belongings with them except those they stood in. Women and children were driven out in the rain, those even with newborn babes. Schools and hospitals were commandeered for the French troops. Even in war confiscation of the monies of private banks is prohibited; the French, however, do so incessantly in the occupied territory, forcibly breaking open the safes. They have stolen the printing blocks of the Reichsbank and print counterfeit money. Whosoever wishes to obtain more minute information as to these conditions, I would refer to the July number of the *Deutsche Nation*. It appears to me that therein the reason is very well explained too why these atrocities do not attract greater attention in the world, but rather meet with mistrust, incredulity and indifference:

Where is the cause to be found? For five years the Allied and Associated Powers have inundated the world with tales, pictures and films of German atrocities. Pictures of soldiers with tongues torn out, of women with dismembered bodies, of children chopped in pieces, were manufactured from old illustrations of Russian pogroms, of murders preceded by rape, and so forth, and for years have been believed. Who would not believe what he sees with his own eyes in black and white in a picture? Meanwhile the methods which were applied during the war have become known; reminiscences of the atrocities manufacturers, proud references to the work performed and the cleverness shown, together with concrete proofs of the falsifications, have unveiled the lie, and have filled the world, in particular the Anglo-American world, with a *post festum* nausea. Now no one wishes to hear more of atrocities, and the Germans, who at first had to suffer from the belief in the atrocities falsely imputed to them, today have to suffer from that incredulity: one is of opinion that pictures and stories of French atrocities originate in similar methods, refuses to believe them and indifferently turns away.

If one inspects more closely what Mr. Lauzanne has to say, as to the—as he calls it—“bestial” behaviour of the Germans in 1871–1873, one finds nothing but some insignificant social frictions and, in particular, a decree of Bismarck, in which he threatens that, if French courts of justice would not punish murders of German soldiers, he would demand the extradition of the murderers and, in case of necessity, would take hostages. Mr. Lauzanne alleges that the Commander-in-Chief of the

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German troops in France, General v. Manteuffel himself, said of this note: “I am really surprised at its brutal violence and outrageous perfidy.” It is true that Comte St. Vallier reported to Thiers such a remark of v. Manteuffel. From this report, however, it may also be seen that there existed the greatest friction between Bismarck and v. Manteuffel at that time, and that each suspected the other of intriguing against him. The question may be left open whether the Comte St. Vallier on his part has not exaggerated the remark of v. Manteuffel’s. If one personally examines the note of Bismarck, nothing whatever is found therein which might give cause for such a judgment. Let us see: A German soldier had been murdered. During the trial the defending counsel had said of the accused: “*Il a eu raison de dire je voudrais tuer un prussien. Qui donc de nous n’a pas dit cent fois, je voudrais tuer 200,000 de ces brigands?*” Thereupon the jury, though the Public Prosecutor himself requested the most severe punishment, acquitted the man. Bismarck, however, restricted himself to a mere threat in case of recurrence, and simultaneously reported to the German Emperor that he did not wish to do anything further, in order not to cause difficulties to the French Government. This is the action which General v. Manteuffel is reported to have designated as brutal and perfidious. Mr. Lauzanne further compares the acquittal of that murderer with the acquittal of certain so-called war criminals by the German Supreme Court in Leipzig. He forgets, in the first instance, that not only acquittals but sentences as well have been given in Leipzig, and further, that in the one case deeds committed in war time are concerned, where the border between permissible and prohibited is sometimes indistinct, whereas in the other case premeditated murder in peace is in question.

Mr. Lauzanne himself, in the end, cannot abstain from saying that General v. Manteuffel “despite all showed himself to be human enough and generous enough during the occupation”. This remark, too, I should like to supplement by a few sentences. When the occupation had come to an end, the new President of the Republic, Marshal MacMahon, wrote to General v. Manteuffel: “*Au moment où les troupes allemandes vont quitter le territoire*

français, je crois devoir exprimer à leur commandant en chef les sentiments que je prouve pour la justice et l'impartialité dont il a fait preuve dans la mission difficile qui lui était confiée." Mr. Thiers himself, however, sent to General v. Manteuffel a copy of his historical work: *Du Consulat et de l'Empire*, with the dedication: "*A son excellence le général de Manteuffel, en souvenir de son humaine et généreuse administration des provinces occupées françaises, dévoué A. Thiers.*"

Perhaps these were but phrases of courtesy? Oh, no! The French Ambassador, Comte St. Vallier, reports to his Government (March 7, 1872): "Manteuffel fully shares your view as to the interest which his country as well as ours has in not drawing out the occupation too long;" on July 7: "Manteuffel, as far as is in his power, will ease the heavy burden by his endeavours;" on February 23, 1873: "The generous sentiments of Manteuffel make the occupation bearable for the population;" and ultimately, on September 27, 1873: "Manteuffel, too, though he is Prussian, deserves a page of sincere gratitude in our historical records."

Mr. Stephane Lauzanne, however, without being able to cite a single outrage, calls the behaviour of the Germans during the occupation "bestial."

This judgment of Mr. Stephane Lauzanne I should like to contrast with the following letter of his famous compatriot, Comte Gobineau, directed to the Earl of Lytton, later British Ambassador in Paris. He writes: "It is possible that one will speak to you of the personal atrocities committed by the Prussians. I ask you to tell all those who talk like that, that I have had in my house sixty officers and 500 soldiers of all arms, and on my country estate 3,000 Prussian troops, and that neither a blade of straw has been stolen, nor a woman insulted, nor a child terrified."

HANS DELBRÜCK.

JOHN MORLEY: 1838–1923

BY W. L. AND JANET E. COURTNEY

“LIGHT rather than heat!” It is his own phrase, summing up what to him seemed the great need of the age in which he grew up to manhood. But it might well serve as an epitaph for the statesman and thinker—austere, remote, seeking always to keep burning the clear flame of truth undimmed by any concession to prejudice or superstition. His was not a personality to kindle enthusiasm, but he never failed to command respect, and as the years went on, and one by one the great Victorians passed into silence, John Morley came to symbolize for his countrymen that tradition of honesty, uprightness and uncompromising devotion to the truth as he saw it, which is the very opposite to the temper of the politician. Men might disagree with Morley,—they often did, especially with his Irish policy,—but they never attributed his action to mean motives; they knew him at heart to be disinterested.

He was Lancashire born, a North Countryman through and through. His father, a surgeon, came from the West Riding of Yorkshire, and his mother was Northumbrian. He, himself, was born at Blackburn, then a newly risen Lancashire cotton town, lying in a valley between bleak moorland ridges, a hive of industry with little of beauty to soften life for its citizens. “The punctual clang of the factory bell in dark early mornings, with the clatter of the wooden clogs as their wearers hastened along the stone flags to the mill, the ceaseless search for improvements in steam power and machinery and extension of new markets, the steady industry, the iron regularity of days and hours, long remained in memory as the background of youth, with perhaps a silent passage into my own ways and mental habits from the circumambient atmosphere of some traits of my compatriots.”

Though his up-bringing was not definitely Nonconformist, all

his surroundings were Puritan. The prevailing spirit of the Lancashire folk was, as he says, "stiffly Evangelical." His own father had indeed turned from Wesleyanism to Anglicanism, why, his son never knew; but he retained an equal horror of Puseyites and German infidels, and he sent the boy to a school kept by an Independent. Young Morley seems to have inherited bookishness. His father carried pocket editions of Virgil, Racine and Byron about with him on his daily rounds, and strained his resources later to send his son to schools he could with difficulty afford; University College School in London, and then Cheltenham College. There the boy distinguished himself, especially in Greek verse—not, perhaps, the direction one would have expected. Indeed one of his tutors said of an attempt at a prize poem that his "verse showed many of the elements of a sound prose style". He won a scholarship, at the expense of a pious founder, to Lincoln College, Oxford, once the home of John Wesley, whose old rooms Morley now found himself occupying. The college at the moment had fallen on evil days; its Rector was a more or less illiterate clergyman, and its later famous Head, Mark Pattison, was sulking in his tents. But in Thomas Fowler, afterwards head of Corpus, Morley found a sympathetic tutor, who trained him in the Aristotelian philosophy congenial to his Lancastrian temperament. Conington on Virgil, A. P. Stanley (afterwards Dean) on ecclesiastical history, Mansel on the philosophy of intuitionism, Goldwin Smith as an exponent of Liberalism, were amongst his teachers. He was a great hearer of sermons, having, as he confesses, "an irresistible weakness for the taking gift of unction" (how this must later have attracted him to Gladstone!) Newman's golden voice had long sunk to silence in another communion. Bishop Wilberforce now occupied the University pulpit, but he excelled in that special quality, his only later rival in Morley's opinion being Charles Spurgeon, the famous pastor of the South London Tabernacle, with his "glorious voice, unquestioning faith, full and ready knowledge of apt texts of the Bible, and deep and earnest desire to reach the hearts of congregations". It is interesting in this connection to recall that Morley himself had been destined to take Orders. Life at Oxford, he says, so far "shook the foundations" of his early

beliefs that this was out of the question; but he retained to the end many of the characteristics of a preacher and prophet.

Amongst other influences of the mid-Victorian period to which he belonged,—his Oxford life fell in the decade 1850-60,—he mentions George Eliot and Cotter Morison. George Eliot in 1857 “began the career of story-teller ‘in shadowy thoroughfares of thought’ that laid such hold upon the reading England of her time and made critics of high authority, both French and English, both Catholic and Rationalist, call her the most considerable literary personality since the death of Goethe.” No doubt this was an extravagant estimate. “Experience,” as Morley says, “brings discrimination;” but he adds his own conviction that Acton was right when he called her teaching “the highest within the resources to which Atheism is restricted”. Cotter Morison’s influence was more personal. *The Service of Man*, that work with the “pregnant and moving name”, was in Morley’s opinion “a miscarriage both of thought and composition . . . the rash attempt of failing days”, though “it could not impair the captivating comradeship of his prime”.

But Agnosticism, Rationalism, Atheism, or whatever name was attached to freedom of thought, was less the distinctive note of the period than Liberalism, using that word in its noblest and widest connotation. From the bankruptcy of creeds—“there is not a creed which is not shaken . . . not a received tradition which does not threaten to dissolve”, said Matthew Arnold of the time—young and ardent spirits turned to the hope of progress, to striving for the uplifting of man. Here is Morley’s own definition of the true Liberalism; it may well stand as an expression of his life-long faith:

Respect for the dignity and worth of the individual is its root. It stands for pursuit of social good against class interest or dynastic interest. It stands for the subjection to human judgment of all claims of external authority, whether in an organised Church, or in more loosely gathered societies of believers, or in books held sacred. In law-making it does not neglect the higher characteristics of human nature, it attends to them first. In executive administration, though judge, gaoler, and perhaps the hangman will be indispensable, still mercy is counted a wise supplement to terror. General Gordon spoke a noble word for Liberalist ideas when he upheld the sovereign duty of trying to creep under men’s skins—only another way of putting the Golden Rule. The

whole creed is a good deal too comprehensive to be written out here, and it is far more than a formalized creed. Treitschke, the greatest of modern Absolutists, lays it down that everything new that the nineteenth century has erected is the work of Liberalism.

What Morley felt about the counter theory, Militarism,—“that point blank opposite of Liberalism in its fullest and profoundest sense, whatever the scale and whatever the disguise,”—he was often later to testify, about Egypt in the 'eighties, at the time of the South African War, and most emphatically of all in 1914, when he withdrew from Mr. Asquith's Government.

To a young man of his views with slender means, the choice of a profession presented difficulties. The Church was barred, and Agnosticism was scarcely a recommendation for a teacher. He could not well afford to go to the Bar, though in later life he regretted the loss of “its fine gymnastic in combined common sense, accurate expression and strong thought”. There was little left but journalism. He had not been able to afford the longer Honours course at Oxford and left with a Pass degree owing to the necessity of immediate earning. Obviously the Liberal press, such as it then was, was his appropriate destination, and he joined the staff of *The Leader*, edited by George Henry Lewes. This paper shortly expired, and so did a weekly called *The Literary Gazette* (later *The Parthenon*) which Morley edited for a short time. He next became a fairly regular, though anonymous, contributor to *The Saturday Review*, then at the height of its reputation, until in 1867 his old connection with Lewes brought him the reversion of the editorship of *The Fortnightly Review*.

This had been founded in May, 1865, by Anthony Trollope, Frederic Chapman and Lewes, with Lewes as its first editor. One of its fundamental principles, as appears from its original prospectus, was the signing of contributions. The *Review* was to be in no sense a party organ. Every writer was to be free “to express his own views and sentiments with all the force of sincerity”—provided he put his name to them. How revolutionary this proposal seemed to a public used to quarterlies directed by an editor of pronounced views and entirely regardless of any standpoint but his own, is clear from the criticism of an

Edinburgh publisher, who said he had always thought highly of Lewes's judgment "until he had taken up the senseless notion of a magazine with signed articles and open to both sides of every question".

Like many new ventures *The Fortnightly* had early to be "re-constructed". The first "Company Ltd." who put up the money, chiefly the three founders, were soon at the end of their resources. The *Review* was then made over to its publishers. It had already ceased to be "fortnightly" in anything but name. Lewes gave up the editorship before the end of its second year, and in January, 1867, John Morley became its editor. He held the post for fifteen years, a period as memorable in the political history of England as any that could be named. And though so strong and determined a personality could hardly fail to stamp its impress upon any publication he edited, Morley was not the man to refuse a hearing to sincere advocates of views opposed to his own.

To one part of the original prospectus he faithfully adhered. Anonymous journalism was never to his taste. A very early contribution by himself in his first year of editorship was devoted to this subject; it contains a most interesting estimate of the power of journalism and a protest against the prevailing practice of anonymity. Morley took his profession very seriously. "The immeasurably momentous task of forming national opinion," he thought, should not be entrusted to a body of men whom secrecy made irresponsible. He admits that much journalism, though strictly speaking anonymous, can by the initiated be identified as the work of particular writers; but he justly urges that the great mass of newspaper readers have neither the knowledge nor the capacity to make the necessary allowance for the personal equation. "Let us never forget that the exertion of mental activity upon public transactions, still more upon questions involving some powers of abstract thought, is thoroughly exceptional." The leader writer, therefore, is only too often in the position of an oracle; it is of the utmost importance that he should be imbued with a sense of full responsibility, and there is no greater safeguard against frivolous and irresponsible writing than the necessity of signing it and possibly having to defend it in

person. There never was a period, in his opinion, when it more behooved men to speak out. He complains of the "artificial and unnatural silence" of English society. "On every kind of subject men shrink from speaking the things which are clearest and most constant in their own minds. . . . But silence cannot be an eternal condition of things. Men will not always continue to revere hollow and eviscerated conventions. . . . If controversy is to become more sincere, more earnest, more direct, and if, therefore, there is to be more hard hitting, it is indispensable that those who take a part in it should give the strongest possible guarantee that they mean exactly what they profess to mean, neither more nor less, and that they are ready to stand by it."

There was plenty of hard hitting, both within and without the pages of *The Fortnightly Review*, during John Morley's editorship. Frederic Harrison's powerful defence of the trade unions was denounced by outside critics as "incendiary". *The Fortnightly's* advocacy of free education and its defence of Forster's modified undenominationalism in the public schools, were interpreted as a deliberate plot for suppressing the Bible in education. Because writers like Harrison, of Comtist opinions, were allowed to contribute, the *Review* was often called the organ of Comtism. When Morley was giving up the editorship, in 1882, he referred to this charge. He frankly admitted that the *Review* under him had "unquestionably gathered round it some of the associations of sect". But he argued that the wider term Positivist better described it than Comtist, since only a few of its contributors were disciples of Comte, and he urged further that the great political programme, Free Labour, Free Land, Free Schools, Free Church, preached in its pages, was wider even than the Positive creed. If a label must be found—and "this passion for a label is, after all, an infirmity"—he would have preferred the great word Liberalism, the religion of himself and those like-minded who had left the orthodox creeds.

His own deepest convictions on this question of free thought and free speech found expression in the essay *On Compromise*, published in 1874. "No compromise about it but the name," said contemporary critics; and indeed on its title page Morley

quotes Archbishop Whately's saying: "It makes all the difference in the world whether we put Truth in the first place or in the second place." After analyzing at some length the English dislike of general principles, neglect of the Historic Method and persistent tendency to compromise, he gives two striking instances of the moral confusion introduced into politics by this exaltation of expediency above truth—England's expressed sympathy with the Southern Slave States during the American Civil War, and her condonation of the unscrupulous methods whereby Louis Napoleon made himself Emperor of the French.

Writing so soon after the event, he cannot but be struck by the swift Nemesis which overtook the Imperial adventurer. "Not often in history has the great truth that 'morality is the nature of things' received corroboration so prompt and timely." Yet this is no occasion for surprise:

We need not commit ourselves to the optimistic or sentimental hypothesis that wickedness always fares ill in the world. . . . The claims of morality to our allegiance, so far as its precepts are solidly established, rest on the same positive base as our faith in the truth of physical laws. Moral principles, when they are true, are at bottom only registered generalizations from experience. They record certain uniformities of antecedence and consequence in the region of human conduct. Want of faith in the persistency of these uniformities is only a little less fatuous in the moral order than a corresponding want of faith would instantly disclose itself to be in the purely physical order. . . . The system of the Second Empire was an immoral system. Unless all the lessons of human experience were futile and all the principles of morality were articles of pedantry, such a system must inevitably bring disaster. . . . Yet because the catastrophe lingered, opinion in England began to admit the possibility of evil being for this once good and to treat any reference to the moral and political principles which condemned the imperial system . . . as simply the pretext of a mutinous or utopian impatience.

The essay contains many pregnant sayings. The time in which he wrote seemed to him, as to Matthew Arnold, more than any previous time an age of "transition in the very foundations of belief and conduct. The old hopes have grown pale, old fears dim; strong sanctions are become weak, and once vivid faiths very numb. Religion, whatever destinies may be in store for it, is at least for the present hardly any longer an organic power . . . conscience has lost its strong and on-pressing energy,

and the sense of personal responsibility lacks sharpness of edge. . . . The souls of men have become void. Into the void have entered in triumph the seven devils of secularity." What is the remedy? Not, as the timorous urge, hiding the light and allowing error to persist for its usefulness's sake. To the contention that "for the mass of men . . . use and wont, prejudices, superstitions—however erroneous in themselves—are the only safe guardians of the common virtues", Morley replies that though the mass may walk in little light, "whatever impairs the brightness of such light as a man has is not useful but hurtful". To hold error is to make the intelligence less and less ready to receive truth. Moreover, to associate virtue with error, as for instance to threaten little children with hell fire, is to risk the associated virtue directly they discover the baselessness of the threat.

No, none are more deeply interested in upholding a high ideal of conduct than "those who no longer place their highest faith in powers above and beyond men". To these the "cherishing the integrity and worthiness of man himself" must be a supreme object. Matthew Arnold expressed the same truth in his fine sonnet, *The Better Part*:

Hath man no second life? Pitch this one high.
Sits there no Judge in Heaven our sin to see?
More strictly, then, the inward Judge obey!
Was Christ a man like us? Ah! let us try
If we then, too, can be such men as He!

(By sinning against intellectual honesty, more than by anything else, man can make his own hell. "We do not find out until it is too late that the intellect . . . has its sensitiveness. It loses its colour and potency and finer fragrance in an atmosphere of mean purpose. . . . Those who deliberately and knowingly sell their intellectual birthright for a mess of pottage . . . have a hell of their own; words can add no bitterness to it." Such self-deception is Plato's "lie in the soul", the Gospels' "sin against the Holy Ghost", "and it is not any more shocking to the most devout believer than it is to people who doubt whether there be any Holy Ghost or not".)

It is impossible to read many pages of Morley without seeing

how deeply he and his generation had been imbued by their early training in the Scriptures. It is not only the language but the very thought of the Hebrew Bible. Is this as true now? Will it be true at all of the next generation? And if not, will not thought, as well as its manner of expression, have suffered a grievous loss?

But to turn from John Morley the preacher to John Morley the publicist, soon to become the great parliamentarian. For the last three years of his editorship of *The Fortnightly*, he also edited *The Pall Mall Gazette* and made of that daily evening paper a stalwart champion of Liberalism. W. T. Stead was associated with him, and took over the editorship in 1883 when Morley stood successfully for Parliament, being elected Liberal member for Newcastle-on-Tyne. Under Stead the paper continued its Liberalism and its championship of social reform with equal zeal and more daring but less balanced judgment. Morley meanwhile was associated in the House of Commons, as he had been previously in *The Fortnightly*, with Joseph Chamberlain, whose articles on the New Radicalism had terrified country parsonages in the middle 'seventies. Their paths were later to diverge, Morley going with his leader, Gladstone, whole-heartedly in his Irish policy, whilst Chamberlain reverted to Unionism, even to Imperialism and Protectionism, views at the opposite poles to Morley's most cherished convictions.

We are here concerned, however, rather with Morley the man of letters than with Morley the statesman, the Irish Secretary of Gladstone's Government, or the Secretary for India under Mr. Asquith. He had very early sat at the feet of John Stuart Mill, and from him imbibed the spirit of the English Utilitarian philosophers. He owed also to that same influence his abiding interest in French thought, especially the thought of the philosophers immediately preceding the French Revolution. That Revolution, its intellectual origins and its results, could not but fascinate a man of Morley's humanitarian sympathies, and no disciple of Comte could fail to find in it the roots of the Positive philosophy. Moreover Carlyle's book on the subject, owing much as it did to Mill, though diverging under German influences into a glorification of German culture as against that of France,

had attracted the attention of all England at the time. One of Morley's earliest studies of French thought, his life of Voltaire, published in 1872, tried to redress the balance. Carlyle had sought to discrown Voltaire and to put Goethe on the throne. He had treated Diderot and the Encyclopædists with contempt. He had spoken of the French Revolution as though it were little more than a tragic farce without any deep-lying causes or any lasting results.

Such a view was impossible to a disciple of Mill and a believer in the Historic Method. Morley sought to show that Voltaire was not, as Carlyle had said, the incarnation of scepticism. On the contrary, he was an unwearied seeker after knowledge, insisting that we must criticize, discuss, bring all things into question—not so as to leave them in uncertainty but rather to lead up to some positive conclusion. And so with the other French thinkers, Diderot, Condorcet, Rousseau. They were seekers after light, they tried, one and all, to bring all things to the test of reason, and to find in that reason which Robespierre and the revolutionary enthusiasts afterwards deified, a sure guide in human affairs. On the side of English philosophy, Morley based himself upon Mill, who in his turn was the descendant of Locke and Hume, and the inspirer of Herbert Spencer. Knowledge was a slow acquisition of facts learned in experience and leading up to generalizations, valid only in so far as they could be tested at every link in the chain. Ultimate verities cannot be so tested; our attitude to them, therefore, must be one not of denial but of nescience. Positivism, the third stage, according to Comte, in mental development, when men no longer ascribe events to the Deity as first cause, or to any metaphysical entities, but study phenomena as they present themselves, is the creed for rational men. Positivism tinged deeply with humanitarianism, working itself out in striving for social reform—that was Morley's creed, and it expressed itself in his life no less than in his writings.

Hence his deep interest in character and his profoundly interesting studies of men of action such as Cobden, Cromwell, Walpole, Burke, and last of all Gladstone. But behind the biographer, the publicist, the statesman, remained always the preacher

and prophet, the thinker, who, though as far as possible removed from a mystic, himself lived the inner life of thought, which gave him the key to the mystical and the spiritual. Writing of Thomas à Kempis, and discussing the *Imitatio*, he says:

Is not the sphere of these famous meditations the spiritual rather than the moral life, and their aim the attainment of holiness rather than moral excellence? . . . By holiness do we not mean something different from virtue? It is not the same as duty: still less is it the same as religious belief. It is a name for an inner grace of nature, an instinct of the soul, by which, though knowing of earthly appetites and worldly passions, the spirit, purifying itself of these, and independent of all reason, argument, and the fierce struggles of the will, dwells in living, patient, and confident communion with the seen and the unseen Good. In this region, not in ethics, moves the *Imitatio*.

And in this region must at times have moved, though he rarely expressed it, the spirit of John Morley.

W. L. AND JANET E. COURTNEY.

(Good)

DUSE

BY STARK YOUNG

OF all the artists in the theatre of the world there is none that so illustrates the nature of art as Duse does. Not that she is the greatest actress necessarily, not that; such argument is beside the point. But that Duse exemplifies what lies behind every art and the quality of every artist and his relation to life. So that in a sense it might be said that the history of one's perception and understanding of Duse is a history of the growth of one's understanding of art in general and of life and art as they embody and complete one another.

I saw Duse first in Rome, soon after I left college. She was playing *Magda*. I had heard her name, of course, a name spoken romantically and with the breath of her D'Annunzio affair nearly always upon it. But I had never heard of her as I had heard of Bernhardt, for example, whose splendours had long since dazzled the public world of men, and whose art had, in addition to its magnificent power and sonorous eloquence, something about it that was easily detected as art, or at least accomplishment, by the average person. Bernhardt's genius was essentially public in its character; and there was no wit so slow or so untutored, and no eye so dull, as not to know that when she played, the universal elements were shaken and passions that might have been domesticated and blurred by now became suddenly glamorous and superbly mythical. With Duse there was no such thing. Artists over Europe were drawn to her almost unendurable tenderness and truth; in Italy her audiences alternately worshipped and railed at her. With her there was nothing audacious and spectacular, nothing violent, seductive or world-wide.

I remember Duse when she first came on the stage that night. She was past her prime then, of course, or what is called an actress's prime; at any rate she was no longer young and her body no longer slight like a girl's. Her voice seemed so natural and

expressive that its quality almost eluded me; I think I must have taken it for granted, or I should have done so but for a few upper tones, quietly and poignantly said; they had something in them that all next day kept moving in one's thoughts. Her face seemed to me to disappear with the words she said and the thing she felt. I did not think of it as a beautiful face; at that age a more regular line might have seemed to me more beautiful. Perhaps youth runs to types in beauty as it runs instinctively to forms and patterns in general ideas. Her body and all her movements I seemed not to see till after several days were past.

At that time everyone was talking about modern drama and we were all busy learning how the thing was done. There was a high hope in mere craft, and supreme delight might lie in the detection of skill, artifice and technical intention and economy. We even read Sudermann with some respect and thought of *Magda*, which various actresses had essayed and even lurid stock companies ventured on successfully, with no little respect as a stirring piece of theatre and, it might be, a serious study of provincialism, art and revolt against parental authority. I remember that Duse in *Magda* had me taking it all for granted. I forgot the effective high lights of this old piece of theatrical dexterity; I forgot entirely that there was supposed to be a matter of a modern problem play in *Magda*. I saw only a woman's life there on the stage being twisted through a series of events that wounded and revealed her to me; otherwise what happened seemed extraneous and imposed. I had learned already a technical sense of acting, and to rejoice in the exercise of acting as a craft. But here in Duse there was nothing to rejoice in, nothing technical that I could youthfully extricate and set aside to itself as a means, a studied piece of skill; there was no eloquence, no recitation, no arrangement or technical economy or evident accomplishment. I was to have no academic pleasure in this acting there on the stage before me; I was to take it for its truth and was to forget that art could ever be dissected or separated from the thing it conveyed.

A few days later I saw Duse in *Francesca da Rimini*, and after that in *La Gioconda*, *La Citta Morta*—she insisted those days on playing D'Annunzio, often at great expense in popularity and

receipts—and Goldoni's *La Locandiera*. It was the same. Tragedy or comedy, life in them was tragic or comic; and the history of the soul that Duse gave me with each impersonation seemed merely that. And yet it seemed always the history of her soul, too, and the history of mine, simply that; and I took it for granted, no doubt, as youth can take true things for granted, not knowing what ardour and pain and skill must go to the expression of any kind of truth. The day following this series of performances, I remember, I suddenly felt the meaning of them rush over me. I could see the likeness in them to what I had felt in great poetry and music and deep feeling. And with that reservation and that settlement of Duse as a part of one's own, inner, secret reality, I passed on; for there were a great many things arising full of zest.

After that I came back to America and Duse meant nothing further to me, nothing added to this quiet accepted place she had in me, until a few years later, in the country at the beginning of summer, when I began to read for the first time Dante in Italian. It was the first seven cantos in the *Inferno* that amazed me. I had read English poetry well, Spenser and Shakespeare's sonnets, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats, but never any poetry quite like this, poetry as great or, if you like, greater, but never this peculiar realism and poetry together, never anything that seemed so close and poignant and exact. Nowhere as in Dante can the lines, the verbal medium, quiver and disappear into the intense life expressed and yet remain with a certain music and beauty of their own. In the garden as I read, I can recall, Dante's images and the things he said seemed to have an immediacy like light, a reality like trees. With the life that Dante expressed in his poetry I recognized the same thing that I had felt always in all deep emotion, a sense of terrible pressure and privacy and individual distress, and at the same time a feeling of participation for the moment in some universal and eternal force among men. And out of this the beautiful in Dante arose, the beauty of a passionate, sorrowful precision of understanding and of an infinite response to life. And all this, which is the poet in Dante, runs side by side with an immensity of cerebral activity that is astounding, a study of letters and history and the government of

states, philosophy, theology and logic and the science of the world of his day. Dante's poetry plays in and out of this knowledge and intellectual curiosity, and this informs and solidifies the visions of his poetry. Enormous subtlety, enormous simplicity, the courage and straight line of what is living, the warmth and abundance of that out of which life springs. I remember as I read him of thinking how much like Dante, the poet, Duse, the artist, was; the same race, the same power to be subtle and simple at once, the same tenderness and pathetic irony and consuming life.

A few months afterward I was in Italy again. I saw in Naples the Greek marbles once more and realized how subtly individual they were, types yes, but within the security of the type intensely varied and singly felt. In the north I passed on then to the sculpture of the younger Renaissance. I saw not the type become real and individual, not the poetry of the individual soul set forth with reticent intensity in universal forms, but the individual reality, the very actual surface of the thing portrayed, set down with such spiritual and physical precision that its soul became its body and its body its soul. At this time I began to look with a new eye on the work of Desiderio da Settignano, Mino da Fiesole, Benedetto da Maiano and others, seeing freshly and for the first time their singular distinction in fidelity and feeling. The portrait of the bishop at Fiesole, how much the man it was but how removed from him and brought into our souls by the artist's taste and imperceptible style! The Guidarello Guidarelli at Ravenna, a little too direct perhaps, too close to a mere likeness in the face at least, but how full of intensity of life and animation, how full of death too, how simply tragic and yet how subtle and elaborate in its surface planes and in its comment on the young spirit within. Mino da Fiesole added to Holbein, for example, a singular sweetness and grace of culture. Mino da Fiesole had an ease and poetry of distinction where Holbein had distinction of artistic conscience and character. And Rosellino's bishop's tomb at Samminiato, those fine and sensitive nostrils, those still, perfect hands quieted in death, the mouth droll and clear, almost alive and yet remote with death, the modelling under the chin sagging slightly down with its own weight and yet suggesting the

idea of weight rather than the sagged flesh and mere incident of it, the closed eyes and their shadows under them, the still breast with the breath now taken somehow out of it—what exact and literal truth in all this, and yet what invisible style and what distinguished approach to the actual detail, what learning and culture and reflection! And underneath all this and putting the life into it, what an endowment of sheer animal talent and vitality! This, then, could be realism; not the realism we had heard so much about in France, where Zola and his school had reigned, and where Henri Becque and Flaubert wrote their gray masterpieces; not the realism of Dutch painting, with its grotesque or brutal detail or its sound honesty, as the case might be; and not the gracious and ample realism of Velasquez. A realism this was, then, like Dante's, poignantly acute, poetic and literal at once. Duse, I understood better then, belonged to the same race as these men who wrought in marble their bishops and young warriors and dead princesses; I could understand better how she belonged to no classic school and had no formal tradition, but rather was in revolt against schools and formularies, and yet had no violence, no excess and no accidents, because she kept her art close to her spirit and made sure that it expressed herself.

Then I came to D'Annunzio, to *Il Fuoco* in particular and to *Le Virgine delle Rocce*. I discovered the quality of D'Annunzio's gift, untranslatable into English, a gift of expression almost abnormal, a sensitivity to the color of experience carried beyond bounds, an abandonment to life and sensation and idea that was in itself a kind of power. And with these faculties D'Annunzio had a gift for style, for words; he achieved an orchestration of whatever single line he chose to follow. One could see why Duse followed his art and in the face of obstacles forced on the public his plays, though she must have known their dramatic defects. D'Annunzio's plays gave her a constant, beautiful release of the life in her; they poured her spirit out on things, on people, on thought; they created her over and over, and lighted her genius with another. Her art was more ordered than D'Annunzio's, more in scale, more wisely and sweetly seen, and from this proportion and wisdom and sweetness and from her sorrowful humanity, she was more universal in meaning and appeal than he

could ever be. But D'Annunzio remained a commentary on Duse's art.

And thus, from association with life and art and with artists and people trying to live their lives at their centres, I came to understand somewhat better at least, though imperfectly of course, Plato's saying that most men are blind to the fact of their ignorance of the essential character of each individual thing. I saw more and more how easy it is to achieve a certain illusive surface in living and in art; how much of painting was mere detail and deceit, how little sculpture was through and through sculpture, working in its own terms of mass and line; how hard it is to secure in any art the fundamental character of the subject, from which all its truth must spring; how rarely a man exists in his own kind of truth. Duse could never be a school, her method was herself. And to her a drama or a character exhibited only some power of life that lay in it; and so to hollow rôles, like many of Sardou's and of the ordinary theatre, she brought a devastating light; she acted out of herself some beauty and meaning that the dramatist had never imagined; and what he had not felt, of tragedy, irony, tenderness, she felt and created in the rôle.

And finally, though by no means least, there is the Italian country, Italy, as a commentary on Duse's art. That land brought by so much labour and devotion and through so many years of work and living, to such beauty and civilization, seems after all most easy and natural and gently taken for granted. Its air and colour and light, though they may be either meadows and green valleys thick with almond and olive trees or volcanic fierce regions, harsh and touched with death, have every day when the right hours fall a divine sweetness come over them and often something elegiac, something that is ancient, poignant and grave. And those towns over Italy, after long centuries of art and living, of violence, peace and varied hopes, and permanence and change, present every one of them something that is its own; and that seems to simplify all that went to make it up into at last a vivid and uninsistent whole, with its own character and truth. And everywhere in Italy the famous *combinazione* is to be seen, the faculty of taking whatever one wills out of any style or age or origin and putting it where one pleases and adding it to whatever

one likes it to have added. This freedom and naturalness of choice and this absence of the academic are almost the first quality in the aspect of Italian towns. And this labour and unity and apparent ease are the first quality in the aspect of Duse's art; which draws from many regions but lives always in one; and which uses its culture for ends so immediate and necessary that it cannot be pedantic or highly schooled.

In June last I saw Duse again, and in November, after twelve years and more. The pressure of poverty after the war is no doubt one cause that drew her from her long retirement. But I have heard too that she expressed a desire that the young actors of this generation might see before she died the nature of the art she followed. When the curtain rose I saw her there by the cradle, leaning over the dying child. A face almost too beautiful with the intense life in it, eyes almost unbearable with what they knew. She had almost no make-up; there was no particular illusion of youth, no interest in being anything but her own idea. In her movements there on the stage, as the play went on from scene to scene, and in the transitions in feeling and thought, there was established from the very start a rhythm that detached itself from imitation and from all mere representation of the actual, and became in itself a pure medium of idea precisely as music does. Something appeared in it that was complete in itself, as music is complete. What Duse did could not be taken as mere acting, however great, but only as a kind of terrible revelation. There were no tricks, no efforts to attract or pique or impress, but only the desire to exist in the life she had given herself to for those two hours on the stage, the desire to convey to us and to confirm for herself the infinity of living within the woman she portrayed; and this detachment and intense absorption with the truth she endured and expressed gave Duse's art an extraordinary purity, free of all exterior considerations and effects. And this purity, this beautiful singleness of mood, was combined with a strange fascination and elusive vitality and magnetism.

Duse has never been an overpowering actress in the ordinary sense. She could not have recited as Bernhardt was able to do, in an elaborate, heroic diction and with that incomparable vocal spell that Bernhardt knew how to weave. Duse is not the equal

mimic in any and all styles that Garrick is reported to have been. She never had the magnificent raging power that Rachel had. She could not have lifted her rôle ever to any classical fatality and splendour as Mounet Sully could do in *Ædipus*. She had not a certain golden lustre that Ellen Terry had. She could not have exhibited that wild animality, speed, passion and impetus that Mimi Aguglia at her best moments seems to exercise without effort; she had nothing of that romantic epic style that Chaliapin has in *Boris*. She has none of the gusto and bravura of an actor like Coquelin, or even Rejane. Some of these qualities and accomplishments Duse obviously might have had, if her nature and idea had led her to the classical, heroic or seductive, or highly veneered, stylized, violent, brilliantly farcical or superbly epical.

On the contrary when we come to Duse in the art of acting this must be said: from time to time in every art great artists appear who tend to break down the long and painfully built structure of the art they profess. To them their mere craft is only a clutter of old boards, rags, a necessary but obstructing shell. Their passion is truth, an immediate and urgent truth in them. These artists by their great gifts master the domain of the art with a security and completeness that few artists professing it can ever hope to approach. But whatever craft one of these artists masters he smashes, restates, forces to vanish, scorns save only as a means to an end; in acting Duse will have nothing of acting for itself; she is like those who despise their bodies save only as the body disappears before the spirit within that is to be revealed. And so it happens that people watching such an artist as Duse on the stage tend to forget that there has been a craft to be learned; and they forget acting entirely and receive only the matter to be received.

What draws artists to Duse then is not only her purity of mood, her truth, her instinctive independence, the intense poetry of her presence, but also the culture they perceive as having gone into her technical equipment. The eyes of artists can see in Duse's art the fruits of music, of great painting and sculpture and poetry and of hard labour in the plain craft of acting; but all this delights them by its having passed long since into one single art, one quality, one almost invisible medium for the expression of this

one artist's soul. And this in Duse's acting satisfies and feeds them, because it partakes of the nature and function of all arts and of every single art.

And for all people for whom Duse's art is a power and a new impulse of life, Duse's supreme quality is what lies behind no art in particular but behind all art, the response to life. The poet, the musician, the painter and architect and actor or dancer, and the saint also, whose life and ways possess the continuity and creative passion of art, all draw life to them by their capacity for it. In them life is gathered, it refracts, simplifies, finds out its essential and eternal principle or idea and a new body for it, and so goes on. And in Duse of all artists people most feel the thing they most respond to in all living, an infinity of tragic wonder and tenderness.

STARK YOUNG.

EARTHBORN

BY ALICE BROWN

Being born, shall I whimper for milk
From the breast that beguiled me to birth?
Shall I soften my couch with the silk
Of the polleny petals the earth
Has been weaving and rending and weaving
Since the making of mortals began,
The tapestried garment of beauty,
The cloak for the clothing of man?

Has she brought me to birth but to turn
From the pulsating heart she had made,
And forsake it to waste and to burn
In the fever of hungers betrayed?
Or whene'er I cry out will she listen
And be kind, as a mother is kind?
Or, born without breath, is she bloodless,
And born without eyes, is she blind?

Mouthing mist, she came staggering forth
In the day when He called her to come
And encircled the south and the north
And the east and the west, for a home
Where His beasts and His men and His angels
Might inhabit, as darkly He willed,
And He set her the pillars of being,
That time and desire be fulfilled.

And He gave her the menace of night,
And the glamour of things as they seem,
And the faintest foreshadowing light
Of the dream that is more than a dream.
But her deep breasts are milkless and sterile,
And her heart is as cold as a clod.
The weft of her web is illusion,
The veil of her Lord, Who is God.

And forever our tongues shall be dry
For the nurture her breasts cannot give.
She is ours and not ours, and we die
From the lack of her love, as we live
Through the pitiful waste of renewal
As she scatters our hopes to decay,
And we make our faint music of silence,
And braid up her dimness in day.

I will lock my hot lips on lament,
I will bid my lax fingers let fall
The illusion of beauty she lent
To allure or to blind me withal.
I have that she has given not, nor taketh,
Like a star in black waters, the gleam
Of the light that lies drowned in her darkness,
The dream that is more than a dream.

THE CHARITY OF FROST

BY JOSEPH AUSLANDER

Love came to me as came to me
The cool clear meaning of your hands:
So quietly—as quietly
As water when it stands.

It cannot end as all things end,
Grow old and sicken and be lost;
Like water it will comprehend
The charity of frost.

LINES BY THE BOSPHORUS

BY HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG

Five hundred years since, Osman's fiery son,
Led his nomadic warriors in the night
Down in the curving shadows of the Straits,
Silently crossed, and owned thenceforth the roads
To all the western world,—five hundred years—

I see Byzantium's walls tossed in the dust.
I see Pope Urban bless the hopeful bond
Of Hungary's ruler with the Emperor John,
And their joint force tumultuously driven
Like the Maritza's muddy spring-time flood
Beside whose banks they fought before they fled.
The last Serb princes meet on Kossovo,—
I see their swords flash out,—and all is dark.
I hear Bayazid's threat to feed his steed
From off St. Peter's altar when the tide
Of conquest should engulf the Seven Hills.
Corsairs I see, harrying all the coasts
From Spain beyond the Lizard to the North:
Buda becomes the Sultan's, and his hordes
Surge up around Vienna's inmost walls.

Five hundred years of darkness and decay,
Of death and waste and almost of despair;
Five hundred years of night—five hundred years—

The nations eye the slow-receding tide;
They wonder at the corpses that will show
When all the troubled beach is bare at last,
And who will have the pick and choose thereof.
But what, for envy, emperors would not do
I see well done by hunted peasant chiefs
From rocky crags and bogs and little isles.
I see Black George summon his mountaineers
And smite Semendria's crenelated walls.
Hellas awakes—an Englishman exclaims

"The World's at war with tyrants—shall I crouch?"—
The guns at Missolonghi one by one
Sound slowly for his death, but not defeat.
I feel again the thrill of that strange name
Australia's sons belted the world to win
At Anzac, under savage Turkish fire.
I see the landing boats at Suvla Bay,
The heights enplumed with caustic puffs of smoke,—
The sand,—the rocks,—the desperate, desperate boats—

I see this day a Turk upon the heights
Pause and survey the gleaming Bosphorus,
The needle minarets, Sophia's dome,
Turn and descend through crooked lanes, and cross—
Cross back to Europe,—back five hundred years.

POSSESSION

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

I would possess you with that certitude
Which is the sole prerogative of Death—
Subdue to one fixed mood your many a mood—
Catch in one song your many a hurrying breath—
Make of your dear diversity such a whole,
So welded, that you never might again
Retrieve your rainbow brokenness of soul
But must my white eternal dawn remain.
And I would do such violence to you, dear,
As only Death, corrupting Death, can do—
Bury your body, to have you always near—
And stop your heart, to keep it ever true—
And hide you in such darkness of embrace
That none, not even I, could see your face.

THE DREAMER

BY M. E. CROCKER

If in the greenwood of a dream
I sit as still
As still may be, and hold my breath
And listen, till

Soft rustlings of a leaf I hear,
A whispering bough;
Catch a swift, guarded glance that darts
From a branch—now

If in that greenwood wild and sweet
I stay so still
As if a breath would wreck the world,
If I wait, till

I hear a soft, soft sound that seems
Scarce sound, but more
The thinking of a bird that first
Is murmuring lore

Half-way remembered by his throat—
Catching a note
Before he flings to melody,
Be-starred, remote—

There in that woodland, while I stay
Unmoving, come,
If I am grown into the moss,
Things that were dumb.

Songs of remembered, unchanged dreams
Float close to me;
Souls that were hid slip out from flowers,
Leap from each tree.

But when I move to snatch, to trap
A song, a soul—
With the first finger's-breadth I stir,
Lost is the whole!

A CHRISTMAS CITY OF THE OLD SOUTH

BY WINIFRED KIRKLAND

THE only way to visit old Salem of the old South is with a child's heart for luggage. Otherwise this old town in the middle of North Carolina may lie before your eyes actual enough, with its old streets, its old houses, its old Square, its old Home Church as its inmost core, and Salem may welcome you with the gentle, unobtrusive courtesy peculiarly its own; but unless you have learned the wisdom that knows how to put away grown-up things, you cannot really enter the Christmas city.

In Salem, of all places I have ever seen, it is easiest to drop from one's shoulders the crippling pack of maturity and become once again a little child stepping along a Christmas road. Of all places it is easiest in Salem to forget the jangle of faiths and of no-faiths that have deadened our ears, to slip away from the clangour of an age proud and fevered as ancient Rome, and to listen to the confidence of old carols ringing along moonlit dreamy streets, mysterious with the black of magnolia and of boxwood, or to hear floating down from the church belfry high up under the stars the silver melody of the ancient horns which, better than any other instrument, express the soul of the Moravian church. A most musical religion it must seem to every visitor who yields his spirit to the spirit of Moravian Salem. Not only the church liturgy but also the everyday life of the community is keyed to old tunes that date back, some of them, to the Bohemia of five centuries ago, and were familiar in Moravian households in the days when John Huss was martyred for the beauty of his faith.

There is a spell on southern Salem, the spell not of a dead past but of a living one, constantly revitalised, so that, as one walks these uneven red brick pavements, one is haunted by memories of long past Christmases, thoughts of those far times when in secrecy and fear the Hidden Seed kept its feast of candles and of

anthems, thoughts of happier festivals in Saxony where young Count Zinzendorf offered the heretics the refuge city of Herrnhut, thoughts of brave long ago love feasts right here, when a tiny, intrepid band of colonists sang its Christmas chorales in the midst of endless miles of wilderness, while wolves nosed and howled at the cabin door. Along with these Moravian memories come thronging recollections of one's own childhood Christmases in all their unforgotten wizardry, so that here in Christmas Salem I seem to be walking again the midnight aisle which leads through a great wood of fir trees looming black against high stars. Just as at five years old, I am aware again of mystery and danger and bewilderment lurking far off in the forest; but along the Christmas roadway there is no fear, only joy and magic, for it lies straight as a shaft of silver through the black wood, and along it troops of youngsters go dancing onward. At the instant that the children pass, each dark, bordering fir tree becomes bright with tinsel and candles, and along the spicy twigs gay little bells stir and tinkle. From time to time there come snatches of happy chants echoed among the tall dim trunks. Since the wayfarers are children, they know that the soft, unearthly radiance upon the road before them is the long beam from a star not yet seen because it hangs so low above a stable cave, and they know, too, that their silver path is leading all child feet toward that star. Small difference for children between that spirit light of Bethlehem and the merry twinkle of Christmas tree candles. For them, readily enough, their own carol singing mingles with the voices of herald angels, and even Santa Claus himself, all ruddy and kind, may steal to the stable door and gaze in on a Divine Baby. Even so are Christmas faith and Christmas fancy interwoven in old Salem, where white headed men and women still have their Christmas trees, and still with their own hands construct beneath the green boughs the wonderful Christmas "putzes"; for while we who are visitors must retread in stumbling unfamiliarity the Christmas path, the Moravians of old Salem have always kept straight and clear within their hearts the child road toward the star.

When, a few days before Christmas, I arrived in Salem, people told me I had missed what for Moravians is always the opening

key to the Yuletide season. For unnumbered years there has always been sung on the Sunday before Christmas the anthem of *The Morning Star*, written in the later seventeenth century, and set to music in the nineteenth. Although I never heard choir and congregation unite in its mighty joy, I seemed, during my two weeks' visit, always to be catching its echoes, as if the strains of Christmas minstrels had come floating back to me where, unseen in the distance, they had passed on before, along the silver lit highway, so that the words and the music of *The Morning Star* voice for me the innermost spirit of a Moravian Christmas.

The anthem has both the quaintness of old Germany and the vigorous confidence of the new world, so that the old words and the new are equally expressive of the unchanging faith of present-day Salem, while the music vibrates with the sheer child-gladness of its praise:

*Morgenstern auf Finster Nacht
Der die Welt voll Freude macht,
Jesulein, O kommherein,
Leucht in meines Hertzens Schrein.*

When, in stanza two, music and words swell out into grandeur, it is as if, out of the black forest mystery of life, some hidden joyous congregation suddenly pealed forth a psalm to the mounting Christmas dawn:

Morning star, thy glory bright
Far exceeds the sun's clear light;
Jesus be, constantly,
More than thousand suns to me.

For the holiday guest there slowly emerges upon that glamorous woodland roadway of his child memories a silver lighted city, gradually shaping into the everyday reality of actual Salem. As I look out from the window of the little gray cottage that harbours me, there become sharply etched against the mistiness of dreams the tall water oaks of the old red brick Square, the domes of boxwood against old walls of buff stucco or of brick, the stretching flat white rows of gravestones holly trimmed, the white belfry of the Home Church, where in Christmas week I heard little boys, high up there in the soft December sunshine, sound the trombone announcement of death. So unobtrusive and yet

so sweet were those strains out of the sky, so blent with the Christmas air, that I listened to them for some time supposing them merely carol-singing floating out from some home where the family had regathered for Christmas.

On one side the little cottage looks forth on the sunny graveyard where Moravians keep their dead too close to life for any sadness, and on the other side it nestles to the prouder, taller buildings of the Square, laid out in the seventeen-sixties by founders who established Salem as the central city of their Wachovian grant of seventy thousand acres, to be built and to be kept a city meet for their faith. The solid eighteenth century houses still remain, skilfully adapted to modern usage, or unobtrusively altered. Half of Salem traces its ancestry back to those earlier days, and all of Salem keeps alive, both in family life and in public, the traditions and the customs of its unforgotten builders.

Perhaps it is only in our own South that so gentle and half romantic a faith could have found so gracious a flowering as is typified in the Easter and the Christmas customs of this Salem of North Carolina. There is a blending of native warmth and glow and kindness in the spirit of this Southern Province of the Moravian Church. The first colonists came seeking a mild climate and friendly neighbours, and found both. For a hundred and fifty years Salem has been true to its first purpose. Long ago it was a little refuge city of peace in the wilderness, and still today it offers its benediction for all who seek to penetrate beyond the mere externals of a locality into the inner sanctities of tradition. Long ago a brave little band kept to their secure daily round of work and worship, amid perils of Indian attack and the backwash of Continental armies, and freely gave their hospitality to everyone that asked it; and today the mind of those first settlers still dominates and moulds the life of the city. Yesterday and now the people of Salem have possessed both the art of shrewd adjustment to the contemporary and the power to withdraw from all its fever and conflict into the peace of a child faith. With quaint literalness those early founders looked upon themselves as all members of one family, and today one of the strongest impressions of any visitor is that of a great household,

close bound in sympathy, and all turning toward the old Home Church as to a central hearthside, while up and down the worn old streets there moves the form of one still young at eighty, who in himself is host and shepherd and father of all the city.

One wonders if the inhabitants of Salem fully realize their high privilege of living in a community which both expresses their religion and preserves the finest traditions of their ancestors. In these bewildering days it is the lot of most idealists to live in a solitude, unable, amid the surrounding mists, to distinguish the shapes of their fellow believers. But in Salem people have the sacred advantage of dwelling with those who constantly share and reinforce each other's faith as naturally as they have shared each other's childhood and each other's memories of the old Infant School. Probably Moravians do not dream with what strange nostalgia a visitor listens to persons who treat God conversationally, who talk of Him as spontaneously as a little boy speaks of that splendid comrade he calls Daddy. Normally enough, naturally enough, has the Moravian spirit been able to strike deep roots in our own South, for there religion is still a custom unquestioned, and leisure can still be found for an obsolete, Old World culture, and intellect still bows in reverence before the soul. In old Salem of the old South there can be no blur upon the radiant confidence of the Christmas story, no smirch upon the silver purity of that far lit path toward Bethlehem's cave.

In Salem I feel myself to be sometimes in Cranford, sometimes in Barchester, while all reminiscence of those two familiar home towns of the fancy is touched by an atmosphere sacred to Salem. From one window of my room I can gaze up the long, silent avenue, forbidden to all vehicles, that skirts the high ivy hung picket fence of the graveyard. Even in December the graveyard grass is vivid in the sunshine. I am so near that I can almost see the crimson berries of the holly wreaths laid on the little flat marble slabs. Cedar Avenue lies, a white path at the heart of Salem. On one side of it are gateways whose sunny arches, blazoned with texts of hope, stand bright against the mystery of shadowy spruce and cedar massed beyond the triumphant little gravestones, marching forever onward in steadfast Christmas faith. Along Cedar Avenue I have watched a funeral pro-

cession move with confident tread, while the trombone strains floated forth delicate and clear upon the New Year's morning.

Another window of my room looks toward the old Square, toward the Bishop's home beside the Bishop's church, toward the aging buildings that still bear names witnessing to the deep Moravian reverence for the family as a holy entity—the Sisters' House, the House of the Single Brethren, the Widows' House.

A simple vital reverence for tradition is as characteristic of each individual home as it is of the larger home life of the church congregation. In the tiny cottage that offers me hospitality there is a little wooden rocking chair carefully treasured. One turns it up to find on the bottom in a handwriting too alive ever to be forgotten these words, "This rocker was used by mother to rock all her nine babies to sleep from 1828–1844. Keep it in the family." There lies on this little chair a touch of that personal immortality that the home-going dead must value; and yet it is only a little wooden rocker, tawny drab, and finely lined like an old parchment, or an old face. It has no arms, therefore had no bumps for little heads. It has spreading legs and rockers, and on each rocker is painted a bunch of fading wild roses. All the little home is gentle with old memories. Each morning at the close of breakfast I listen first to the daily reading from the Moravian Textbook for the year, the custom of the Textbook dating back to Count Zinzendorf; and after the Textbook comes the reading from birthday and memory books. As I listen, a kindly past made up of small family events becomes vital for me, the guest. Yet the little cottage is alive to the present as well as to the past. The neighbour children blow in and out, all ruddy with ball playing. The Moravian is a children's church, its services crowded with jolly youngsters, seated as happily beside their parents as seedlings grow around a tree. To Moravian children the story of a children's Friend is no dead tale. The rosy seven-year old Harold who comes flying so often to our door has a hearty affection for Santa Claus, but with that Other he is even more familiar. A few weeks before this last Christmas a little playmate died. Harold was puzzled by the sorrow of the grown-ups and protested, "But Louise has gone to Jesus, and she will be there for His birthday."

The star faith of Salem is today no dying creed, but an imperishable growth in the hearts of young men. One has constantly the sense of a past neither decayed nor decadent, being entrusted to younger hands that are vigorous and willing. One seems to witness the very act of a sacramental transmission, the faith of one great united family being handed down to its sons. In the big house next to our cottage I saw on Christmas Eve the table spread for a family party of thirty-two. There was the cushioned seat for the grandmother at the head, and the high chairs for the smallest grandchildren. Down through the center amid the heaped holly and carnations extended a long green board holding eighty blazing candles, the long frame having been originally made for the Bishop's birthday, and now borrowed in Salem's characteristic neighbourly fashion. But it is not the old time Yuletide glow of the stretching Christmas table that will longest remain in my memory, but the chanted grace I heard later from my window, a grace composed by the English John Cennick nearly two hundred years ago:

Be present at our table, Lord;
Be here and everywhere adored,
From Thy all-bounteous hand our food
May we receive with gratitude.

We humbly thank Thee, Lord, our God,
For all thy gifts on us bestowed;
And pray Thee graciously to grant,
The food which day by day we want.

More impressive than the rich harmony of men's voices ringing out upon the starlit evening was their utter reverence; and these, it must be emphasized, are the voices of young men, young bankers, young merchants and lawyers of that Twin City which is made up of two united towns, one new, one old, named on the maps Winston-Salem. These are the torchbearers whose first memory of their faith is as toddlers brought to the Children's Christmas Eve Love Feast. There are the young fathers who now bring their own toddlers to hear the Bishop tell once again to children, as for forty-five years he has been telling it, the child story of a star.

There are persons who walk the Christmas lighted path through earth's black mystery not on one day of the year only, but on all the days of all the years. The Magi were subtle students, keen men and free minded, rich with the long inherited treasures of the intellect. It was their science, not their superstition, that revealed to them the birth of a new light in the heavens. Bishop Rondthaler's eyes are a seer's eyes, clear blue lanterns at eighty. His face is of the type transmitted only through long generations of the finely educated. There is not a child in Salem who does not know Bishop Rondthaler's smile, Bishop Rondthaler's voice. How many times he must have sung that old glad anthem, which each year on its appointed Sunday rings out upon the Christmas road of Salem:

Morning Star, my soul's true light,
Tarry not, dispel my night;
Jesus mine, in me shine,
Fill my heart with light divine.

The Children's Love Feast of Christmas Eve is a custom as old as Salem, and older. More than a hundred and fifty years ago, when Wachovia was still a forest wilderness dark with perils of wolves and bears and hostile Indians, the Moravian Brethren of the little settlements of Bethabara and Bethania welcomed to the children's love feasts not only their own children, but those of their neighbours. The old records come down to us all bright and warm with Christmas hospitality. In the diary of the Bethabara congregation of December, 1760, one reads:

On the 5th it was reported that the Indians were killing again on the Catawba. Br. Ettwein had a talk with a Tuscarora. On Christmas Day the English children from the mill came to see our Christmas decoration, they were so poorly clad that it would have moved a stone to pity. We told them why we rejoiced like children and gave to each a piece of cake. In Bethania Br. Ettwein held a Love Feast for the 24 children there, at the close of the service each received a pretty Christmas verse and a ginger cake, the first they had ever seen.

In 1761, one first reads of the giving of lighted tapers, that custom never yet broken. In the account written December 24, 1770, one can still hear those far off carols, still see the twinkle of candles held high by youngsters dancing homeward along the

dark woodpaths: "At 6 p.m. a Love Feast was held for the children, appropriate hymns were sung, and small lighted candles were distributed, which they joyfully carried home, still burning."

As those first settler children must have come all eager to those long ago celebrations of their Moravian neighbours, so today the Christmas Eve crowd is composed as much of non-Moravians as of church members, all flocking to the old Home Church of their city. For half an hour before the doors could be opened, while the sunshine of the late afternoon poured over us, I waited with a happy throng, fathers and mothers and grandparents, and youngsters of every age from one year to twelve. As soon as the doors admitted us, the wide arc of each pew was instantly filled, but the little low heads were not all visible except as they popped up to peer around, little brown or blond heads, bobbed or meticulously curled. The church hummed with little voices. Now and then a baby protested sharply against being repressed by some solicitous mother, but for the most part all the noise was happy. The long window which showed children crowding to Jesus's welcome was still clear in the afternoon light, which as the service proceeded dimmed to shadowy evening. All the Christmas decoration focussed the eye upon the picture above the choir platform which extends across the front of the church. In a deep green frame of shining laurel and spruce there shines out each year the same ruddy illumination of Correggio's Nativity. On each Christmas Eve every child in the congregation looks up to see, all bathed in glowing light, a mother bending over the Christ Baby in his stable.

As if it had been quaint home incense, the aroma of the love feast coffee is fragrant through the church. There is rustling, there is chatter of children, and yet also there is the restraint of a great reverence. Then a hush, and everyone is listening. Somewhere high and far away there is music, silvery announcement from the sky. Grown-up hands touch the little ones to quiet, that all may hear. It is the trombone players in the belfry, but how easily it might have been the herald angels! Soft at first, then in growing volume, the organ takes up and continues those strains from overhead. The service moves on all musically, old carols, jubilant anthems, but because it is a

children's service in a children's church it is brief and simple. It is not long before the two doors at the right beneath the gallery swing open, and a reverent procession of women all in white enters, bearing the baskets of love feast buns. There follows a line of men carrying great wooden trays of the straight white mugs of love feast coffee. Quietly as in some happy sacrament, each child is given his bun and mug. Seated in front, close to them, sharing their love feast meal, the Bishop looks forth on his children. Gently his voice breaks upon the rustling, and the subdued chatter of little lips: "Fathers and mothers who at this moment are guiding a child's hand, as he eats his love feast, one too young to know what he is doing, pray each one of you that at this instant Jesus Himself may come and be near your little child with His Christmas blessing."

When the bun is eaten, the coffee drunk, and the mugs collected and taken away by the silent procession, the Bishop rises. The church is growing dark with the stealing shadows of twilight. Never has the Bishop's telling of the old story been twice the same. To him it is forever new. He speaks on the brief text, "Yet for our sakes He became poor." The babbling of little tongues grows still. Young eyes grow wide, looking into the Bishop's. In words instinctively pictorial he tells us there was once in Heaven a marvellous house, golden and splendid, where Jesus lived with His Father, surrounded by love and tenderness and beauty beyond any telling. Outside of this house were stately trees, and lovely flowers, and darting birds of rainbow colors. All about Jesus in His house were angels more than you could count, and these angels asked only one thing, to serve Him. To wait on Jesus was the sole wish of all these regiments of angels in this beautiful house in Heaven. Yet all this love and all this royal splendour Jesus left, that He might come a little baby, too poor to have a cradle, a baby born in a stable, laid to sleep among the cattle. He came to us, all poor, to see whether we would love Him for Himself alone, without any riches of money or of power. And still today, as He lies there, a little baby in a stable, He is asking, "Children, will you love me for myself alone?" And if we do love Him for Himself alone, pleads the Bishop's voice, remembering how He loved us enough to leave His splendid

home to come to us, if we love Him and try, each child of us here in this church today, to please Him, then some day He will take us home, to live with Him in His beautiful house in Heaven, forever.

Gently the twilight wraps us in darkness, more carols ring through the old church, then on each side of the organ in front of us, a door opens and two women in white appear, the van of a procession which moves down the platform steps and through the aisles. Each woman carries a lighted candle, and each pair is followed by a man bearing a great tray of blazing tapers. The women distribute the candles, one to every child in the congregation. The giving of the candles closes the service. Theirs is the only light in the darkness as we rise for the Bishop's blessing, and then afterward pour out beneath the old hooded doorway into the starlit Christmas Eve. Looking back one sees still faintly discernible the figures in that high window which against the outdoor darkness and mystery reveals Jesus blessing little children.

The Moravian is a children's church by no accident, but by long conviction, as the Bishop himself once explained to me. When, in the early eighteenth century, the ancient *Unitas Fratrum* of Bohemia experienced its great revival at Herrnhut under the protection of young Count Zinzendorf, there suddenly occurred—as it appears, quite spontaneously—a great wave of religious enthusiasm among the children. The quaint touching account comes down to us in the words of ten-year-old diarists. Ever since that time, says the Bishop, "Our reverence for childhood has been founded on the belief that a child can be as good a Christian as a grown-up—and perhaps a little better." In Salem the children's Christmas Eve Love Feast, and the Children's Memorabilia Service at New Year's, are made fully as important as the corresponding celebrations for adults. Just as, in the afternoon, the children come to receive their Christmas candles, so, a few hours later, the grown-ups gather in their turn, for their reverent Christmas love feast.

Except for its deeper solemnity, the evening love feast is a repetition of that of the afternoon. The crowded church is a body of men and women assembled once more to gaze with the

Bishop at that shining picture of the Nativity. Again there floats down upon the hushed congregation the faint, silver music from the belfry, sacred minstrelsy sounding out of the darkness to be taken up by the confident organ. As the congregation rises, the whole building resounds with the joy of the anthem, and when this dies away, the Bishop's quiet voice asks us to continue standing while he reads Luke's account of that long ago night in Bethlehem. There in the old Home Church of old Salem, the story of the first Christmas becomes instinct with a mystical reality. Later in the service, which, like all the ritual of the Moravian church, consists far more of praise than of prayer, the Bishop speaks to us of that undying narrative, and as his steadfast belief leads us, children following his eighty-year-old guidance, back to that holy birthplace of his faith, it is as if we trod once again a silver pathway bright against all gloom, all doubt, while sturdy shepherds and glistening angels come thrusting aside the darkness to companion us along the road to Bethlehem.

The Bishop reminds us that a great literary critic once pronounced Luke's Gospel the most beautiful book in the world. Of this book the second chapter is the most beautiful of all. Thoughtful readers of it must remember always that Luke was a Greek doctor, highly educated, scientific in dealing with his sources. He was Paul's physician, and Paul was after his conversion the familiar friend of the apostles in Jerusalem, undoubtedly the friend of John at whose home Mary lived. We may well believe, therefore, that the story of Christ's birth, as we have it in Luke's Gospel, is His mother's story, coming down to us how near, how quick and alive! Between us and Mary's own voice telling it only two people, Paul who transmitted the account, Luke who wrote it down! The Bishop points out how tender and how holy is the chronicle with details only Jesus's mother could have known. As the most sacred thing in our physical life is the relation of a human mother to her human child, so it is most fitting that the story of the birth of a divine Child should be a record from a mother's lips of mother love.

Beneath the illumined scene of that Nativity which focuses forever all Christmas worship on the holiness of a family group,

we eat the Christmas love feast that symbolises by our sharing of food and drink together our close knit membership in one great family. In utter quiet, in utter reverence, the procession of white clad girls and women moves slowly down the aisles distributing to every one present the love feast buns. According to custom, each one of us wraps our bun in a tiny napkin brought for the purpose. On one corner of the napkin is embroidered a cross. Then at the entrance of the men with the great laden trays, the high white mugs of coffee are passed from hand to hand along the wide-curving pews. The solemn hush is gently broken by the Bishop's words pointing out our unconscious courtesy, courtesy which is like Christ's own, he believes, and which cements for this holy hour the intimacy of our kinship. He asks us, while we wait, to sing, "Blest be the tie that binds—" According to old custom the Bishop has been the first served, seated by the communion table, close to his people, as always, and wearing, as always, merely the ordinary dress of his fellow worshippers. When every one has been served, then the Bishop and congregation together eat the love feast bun, drink the love feast coffee, while the organ peals forth its Christmas joy.

Musically the service passes on to the candle-giving. All the church is darkened. As in the afternoon, to right and left of the organ in front of us, doors open, and two by two the white-dressed women, holding each her burning candle, and the men carrying the long trays that blaze with light, enter and pass down all aisles and through the curving gallery. Beginning with the Bishop, they give to everyone in the church a lighted taper, slim, green, girdled with its frill of crimson paper. Briefly the Bishop explains the meaning of the Moravian Christmas candles. "As Jesus came that He might be a shining light for us in a black world, so let each of us bear a light for Him."

When everyone has received a candle the procession moves back up the converging aisles, remounts the steps of the platform, but does not pass out. All the middle space in front of the organ is a screen of spruce and holly and dark glistening laurel, from the centre of which the Nativity scene glows just above the Bishop's head, as he stands facing us, his figure discernible only by the light of the taper in his hand. In front of the choir doors,

to right and left, are grouped the women all in white except for a sprig of holly on the breast. Behind them stand the men on whose trays is still left a mass of blazing candles rosy-trimmed. In the gallery and in the body of the church, people have become invisible in the dark, but the curve of every pew above and below is outlined by a shining row of tapers against the blackness. All in silence we have risen. The Bishop speaks, "Let each of us at this instant lift high his candle, so that Jesus from heaven may look down and see the shining of our light for Him." Then as we stand, each holding high his tiny gleaming taper, the Bishop's voice, melodious from out the engulfing shadows, leads us all as we sing, "Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow."

As we leave the church, the moonlight is pouring down on the old roofs, the old streets. Cedar Avenue lies like a shaft of silver beyond the church door. Shadows of bare trees are etched black on the worn pavements. Moonlight glistens on the ivy walls, on the long leaves of the magnolia trees, on the towering domes of boxwood. Little streets and old alleys opening on the Square are black tunnels of mystery. The tracery of the water oaks is delicately clear against a sky flooded with silver. Salem lies as still beneath the Christmas moon as if it were a city in some old world legend. In the hush there goes still ringing sweet within one's mind the music of ancient trumpets from the sky, the melody of a clear voice, reading a mystical story. Today's rushing progress seems as far away as the clangour of the trolley on the next street. If on one long ago December night some Roman traveler, posting from city to city on a tour through ancient Palestine, had stopped, puzzled, to investigate a strange light coming from a stable cave on the outskirts of a little hill town, and if, as he approached that light, the sky above his head had suddenly been riven by angels singing of a new born god, how afterward when he went back to that bustling, imperial centre of the world would he have related that portentous incident of his journeyings? In what words comprehensible to that proud, fevered Rome of Augustus Cæsar could a Roman traveler have translated his impressions of a far away little village, made holy by faith, a far away little village lying in peace beneath a silver flooded Christmas sky? Would

such a traveler, as the crowded, noisy years went on, cease trying to explain to anyone that strange vision, even while in his heart the picture of that midnight village grew always more vivid, more arresting?

To one traveler turned aside last Christmas time from the clamorous streets of today, to walk for a little while the Christmas road through old Salem, the memory of the Christmas city grows ever more significant, more challenging. The glory of imperial Rome has faded into darkness, but does the road to Bethlehem still lie silver clear, beckoning to wise men? As long as little children shall be born, shall there be reborn each Christmas the faith in a God who became a baby? Ringing through midnight streets, echoed among the black overshadowing branches of mystery, shall there sound forever, as always at Christmas time in old Salem, the praise of a great light?

Thy glad beams, Thou morning Star,
Cheer the nations near and far;
Thee we own, Lord alone,
Man's great Saviour, God's dear Son.

WINIFRED KIRKLAND.

A PRINCE OF LIGHT VERSE

BY ARNOLD WHITRIDGE

MR. CARL SANDBURG has never been accused of slavish imitation. He may admit the sway of Walt Whitman, but otherwise we gather that he is proud to have eschewed the past. We hear him referred to sometimes as the most autochthonous of contemporary American poets. Not for him the primrose path of Keats and Shelley or the desiccated atmosphere of New England—he sings of delicatessen clerks, of Chicago, “hog butcher of the world,” and of slabs from the sunburnt West. Whether he is really more American or only more modern than Longfellow and James Russell Lowell is of no great consequence, but it is interesting to note that it is his vocabulary rather than his ideas that commands our attention. His poetry finds utterance in words that have hitherto been regarded as the more or less exclusive property of essentially unpoetic prose.

Not long ago we came across a passage from Ronsard’s *Abrégé d’Art Poétique* which might have been written to vindicate Sandburg’s additions to poetic phraseology. “*Je t’ordonne,*” says Ronsard to the young poets of the sixteenth century, “*de fréquenter les artisans de tous mestiers comme de Marine, Vénèrie, Fauconnerie, et principalement les artisans de feu, Orfèvres, Fondeurs, Mareschaux, Minérailleurs et de là tirer mainte belle et vive comparaison avecques les noms propres des métiers.*” Probably Carl Sandburg is unconscious of the long arm of Ronsard reaching out through the centuries and directing him in the way he should go. The total rupture with tradition, however, is inconceivably difficult. Theories of poetry strew the ages and the most iconoclastic of moderns always runs the risk of devoting himself to some creed repudiated by his grandfather as a vulgar error.

This constant straining to break the fetters of tradition is just as evident in French literature of the nineteenth century as in

contemporary American letters. The literary Radical invariably concentrates his contempt upon his immediate forbears. The further they recede the more innocuous they become. In another generation or two we shall not be surprised if even the New Englanders emerge from the shadows. So it was with the romantic poets under the ægis of Victor Hugo. They indignantly spurned the pseudo-classic poetry so beloved by their fathers and set out to win their laurels by a direct assault upon feeling. Close upon their heels came the Parnassians with a different theory of poetry founded entirely upon form. They were followed by the Symbolists, who like every literary or political régime in France during the last hundred years withered under the scorn of the opposition.

In its anxiety to escape the thralldom of eighteenth century reason and to cater to the insistent demand for novelty, Poetry found its way back to Ronsard. Sainte-Beuve had already called attention to his flexibility, to his variety of metre and to the essentially musical note in his verse. The great critic pointed the way to the promised land but he never penetrated into it himself. It was left to his admirer, Théodore de Banville, to recapture the full flower of Ronsard for French poetry. Without surrendering himself to Ronsard's archaic charm, Banville emulated his suppleness and his love of words for their own sake.

As he was born in 1823, the fashion of celebrating centenaries would earn him a cursory nod even if he were not the literary ancestor of a large and ever growing family. Every man who wrestles with the demon Rhyme in the frantic effort to produce a graceful ballade struggles in the chains forged by Banville. He did not invent the form, to be sure, but he restored it to fashion after it had been lying idle for two hundred years. The learned ladies of the Hotel de Rambouillet had long ago delighted in ballades. Unluckily, when the sway of the *Précieuses Ridicules* was broken by the overpowering common sense of Molière, the ballade had become too much associated with their name to continue an independent existence. English poetry has twice transplanted this measure from France. In the fourteenth century Chaucer borrowed it from Eustache Deschamps,

and fifty years ago Swinburne and Austin Dobson selected it among other literary wares that were being exhibited by Théodore de Banville as worthy of reimportation.

We are apt, however, to think of Banville too much as a mere master of technique. Certainly he carried to perfection the art of the ballade, the triolet, and the rondeau, but he was not styled the legislator of the new Parnassus on the strength of these accomplishments. His *Petit Traité de Poésie Française* is the codification of the Parnassian theories of poetry. Anatole France dismissed it summarily as expressing a nightingale's metaphysics, and no doubt Banville's conception of poetry is curiously unintellectual. He staked everything on what he called *richesse implacable de la rime*. By richness he meant repetition not only of the vowel but of the supporting consonant. "Breeze" and "freeze" for instance, would be a respectably affluent rhyme, whereas "breeze" and "squeeze" is obviously a poor, poverty-stricken thing. The poet's inspiration must find its vent in such rhymes and the reader must seek enjoyment in his perception of the ingenuity displayed. Banville also insisted on the importance of utilizing the musical resources of the language by recognizing the sonority of certain words and calculating their æsthetic effect. It is easy to see how Mallarmé, following in his footsteps, arrived at the conclusion that the value of poetry lay more in the sound of words than in their sense. Arthur Rimbaud carried the flag of sensuousness even further by allotting specific colors to each vowel. He was no doubt convinced that the poor limited creatures who did not see that "i" was red or that "o" was blue were quite incapable of appreciating great poetry.

Banville's poetic theories might well be ignored if they did not happen to go hand in hand with his sense of humour. We have mentioned his connection with the Parnassians. As a young man he wrote a vast amount of statuesque poetry, but in the mythical desert island library which all of us are forever envisaging Banville will be represented by his one volume of *Odes Funambulesques*. In this collection of parody and lyric satire rhyme again plays the leading part. We have nothing in English that quite compares with it. Bergson's philosophic treatise on laughter

explains humour as a sudden jerk to the imagination. This definition would seem to fit the average parody which relies on the constant juxtaposition of the trivial and the sublime. But parody for the most part confines itself to ridiculing an idea, whereas Banville always strives for the double jerk of sense plus sound. He never forgets that he is primarily a lyric poet, and his satire consequently exhibits his own dexterity more than the absurdities of his victim. Take, for instance, his gentle burlesque of Victor Hugo's poem, *Sara la Baigneuse*. Here are the first stanzas of the original and the parody.

*Sara, belle d'indolence,
se balance
Dans un hamac, au-dessus
Du bassin d'une fontaine
Toute pleine
D'eau puisée a l'Ilissus.*

*Veron, tout plein d'indolence
Se balance,
Aussi ventru qu'un tonneau,
Au-dessus d'un bain de siège,
O Barège,
Plein jusqu'au bord de ton eau.*

For *Sara, belle d'indolence*, Banville has substituted Veron, the director of the Opera, whose portly figure would be familiar to most of his readers. The jest is perhaps not one to endure the ravages of time, but we can still appreciate the deftness of the versification. The *Odes Funambulesques* are, unfortunately for the casual reader, stuffed with topical allusions. Banville wrote for the Paris of Gavarni and Balzac, and unless we know that delectable city we must fall back on the precious prerogative of youth which, according to Anatole France, differs from old age in its capacity for admiration without understanding. There are no doubt people to whom the skill of the tight rope walker does not appeal. We beg them not to waste their time on Banville's odes. They will only gaze with compassion tinged with wonder upon his feats of equilibrium. That a human being should spend so much time and industry on an accomplishment that at its best is only curious, will strike them as incomprehen-

sible. There is no convincing such people; their strongholds of sanity should never even be attacked. The polar explorer may try to justify himself by feigning a scientific interest in certain obscure currents, but the sympathetic listener knows better. The sheer difficulty of reaching the pole fascinates him just as the taut wire fascinated Banville, the literary rope walker. The parallel is not entirely fair to the rope walker, for he must also create the illusion of extreme facility.

Banville never labours anything. He dances around the bourgeois, his favorite object of satire, darting in occasionally to tweak his nose without ever tumbling into didacticism on one side or bitterness on the other. He belonged to the generation that made a fetish of despising the commonplace. The bourgeois epitomized normalcy, and Banville no less than Mr. Mencken always regarded normalcy as the unpardonable sin. Throughout all his satire runs the unexpected vein of good humour. No one resented his sallies. He could describe the bourgeois at the theatre, his ill-fitting clothes, and his inept criticism, without apparently arousing the slightest antipathy. His shafts are barbed but they are never poisoned. English poetry has no tight rope artist to match against Théodore de Banville. Locker-Lampson's *London Lyrics* are equally urbane, but they are intentionally sentimental rather than humorous, while Austin Dobson, whose metrical felicity would have fitted him admirably for the task, was irrevocably wedded to the eighteenth century.

Now to tip the balance we must admit the obvious limitations of the *Odes Funambulesques*. Even when he would be most serious, Banville can never throw off his air of trifling. This growing incapacity to speak from the heart is still more evident in the *Idylles Prussiennes*, where for the first time the outer world ruthlessly thrust itself upon his attentions. His raw material consisted of Beauty, Love and Poetry, out of which he wove exquisite fabrics. Humour was merely incidental. Instead of being, as it usually is, a measure of intellectual depth, Banville's humour was rather a blind to distract attention from the shallowness of his thought. Not understanding realism, either on the stage or in life, he instinctively fought it with the only weapons at his command.

The *Idylles Prussiennes* represent the gallant attempt to laugh in the midst of disaster. While France was plunging from incomprehensible optimism to unplumbed depths of despair, Banville's rivulet of satire made its way through the daily papers. The only weapon left to the conquered is irony, and for a workman of his happy nature sustained irony is an unsatisfactory tool. One must be something of a misanthrope, which he never was, to be a great satirist. Try as he will, the fires of contempt do not burn with a "hard gem-like flame". The tragic intensity of a Raemakers is never even approached in these rather toothless satires. Like the *Odes Funambulesques*, they are essentially lyrical, and lyric poetry is a bad medium for transmitting hatred. Bismarck and Moltke are substituted for the complacent bourgeois, whom Banville had so often rallied, but now when he would exchange persiflage for downright castigation, something is lacking. A Voltaire or a Pope can always "without sneering teach the rest to sneer". Banville is too ingenuous; the limpid flow of his stanzas leaves the Prussians singularly unscathed.

One of the most typical of the *Idylles Prussiennes* is *L'Épée*, a poem in which he laments that swordsmanship no longer plays a part in modern warfare. No one will disagree with him, but the picture of Moltke overpowering France by means of a *boîte de géométrie* is, satirically speaking, quite ineffective. It is not surprising that these innocuous war poems made little impression upon the public. Banville had nothing to say that could possibly arrest the national imagination at such a moment. Indeed, if we except the songs of *Déroulède*, which reduced patriotism to its simplest terms, the Franco-Prussian War was curiously unproductive of popular poetry. *Déroulède* pointed the way to national self-respect, while Banville tries to veneer the disaster with a thin coating of academic irony. The contrast between the poetry of 1870 and 1914 is very significant. The poets inspired by the Great War seem to have explored the whole gamut of human emotions except hatred. We do not suggest that they actually accomplished the difficult feat of loving one's enemies, but the expression of animosity did not find its way into their verse. While the cartoonists had their

little joke with the Kaiser and Hindenburg, the poets for the most part left them severely alone. The fact is that poetry and international polemics have nothing in common. The satirist may occasionally blunder into the garden of poetry by lampooning his personal enemies, but so soon as he attempts to draw up an indictment against a whole nation he had better confine himself to prose. The gates of poetry have never yet been forced by a hymn of hate.

We should perhaps consider the *Idylles* as a form of military service rather than as a contribution to literature. Banville's continual ill-health prevented any active participation in the war, so he goaded the enemy as best he could with the lash of lyric satire. He was not lacking in the courage of his convictions as he had previously shown by his defense of Victor Hugo, who was decidedly *persona non grata* to the Imperial Government. An article in the *Figaro* which betrayed an unseemly devotion to the great exile cost him a fine of five hundred francs and fifteen days' imprisonment. The punishment was remitted, owing to the timely birth of the Prince Imperial, an occasion seized upon by Napoleon III for a general amnesty to all petty offenders. A few years later, when he was invited to Court to see the performance of *Gringoire*, his only really successful play, Banville must have smiled to remember his narrow escape from the Imperial dungeons. Politics in themselves never attracted his attention except in so far as they affected literature. During the Third Empire, however, the adventurous man of letters was continually being reminded of the Government's existence. The Emperor was painfully sensitive to any impropriety. Consider for a moment the record of censorship for 1857. That year saw the publication of *Madame Bovary*, *Les Fleurs du Mal*, *Les Diaboliques* of Barbey d'Aurévilly, and the *Odes Funambulesques*. Flaubert, d'Aurévilly and Baudelaire were all haled into court to answer the charge of corrupting public morals. We who complain of the pernicious activity of Puritanism should thank whatever gods may be that we have been spared the solicitude of the last of the Bonapartes.

Banville only just escaped the law courts on another charge. Some of his odes came dangerously near poking fun at Imperial

dignitaries, but for once common sense came to the rescue of the Empire and it decided to ignore the antics of a literary clown. Humour is always a dangerous quarry for the hounds of law. It was characteristic of Banville that he rather encouraged the notion that he was only a Pierrot and that beyond a certain skill in rhyming he had no claim upon the attention of his countrymen. In the *envoi* to the *Ballade sur lui-même*, he makes the following profession of his faith:

*Prince, voilà tous mes secrets
Je ne m'entends qu' à la métrique
Fils du Dieu qui lance des traits,
Je suis un poète lyrique.*

There was at least one of his contemporaries, however, who refused to accept Banville at his own valuation. Baudelaire acclaimed him as a classic, and for reasons that are all the more interesting as coming from the author of *Les Fleurs du Mal*: “*En pleine atmosphère satanique ou romantique, il a l'audace de chanter la bonté des Dieux, et d'être un parfait classique. Je veux que ce mot soit entendu ici dans le sens le plus noble, dans le sens vraiment historique.*” Surely Baudelaire has here laid his finger on an aspect of classicism that we are inclined to forget. He does not mean of course that Banville was a nineteenth century Pangloss declaring that all was for the best in this best of all possible worlds. Such an opinion in view of the *Odes Funambulesques* would be impossible. Banville was classical in his hatred of fanaticism, in his equable temper and in his unerring workmanship. In one sense, as Baudelaire explained, he was a lonely figure. While his friends deliberately grappled with the powers of darkness, he dallied in the sunshine, but he was caught up by the wave of scientific accuracy just as inevitably as they were. The same spirit that impelled Flaubert to expose Madame Bovary's soul in all its nakedness, that inspired Taine's first *Essays in Criticism and History*, drove Banville to devote himself to the art of versification. Whatever the social defects of the Third Empire, at least it rallied psychology and erudition to the standard of literature.

Banville would be the first to deprecate an exaggerated estimate of his literary importance. We make no plea for an in-

tensive study of his whole work, as that has already been done in one of those honest, flat-footed university theses that somehow contrive to disembowel an author without ever extracting his essence. Posterity has decided that Banville is a minor poet, and the judgments of posterity are usually right. His plays, with the possible exception of *Gringoire*, his numerous short stories without any exception at all, need detain no one but the inquisitive literary student. Even the six volumes of his poetry can be whittled down so as to fit into the average pocket. But on that one volume comprising the odes, the *ballades joyeuses*, the *rimes dorées* and perhaps one or two chapters from the *Souvenirs*, we are prepared to make our stand. The retreat of depreciation shall go no further. Banville remains the prince of light verse. His kingdom is still flourishing and it has not been without influence upon its more imposing neighbors. To cite but a single instance, let us glance for a moment at *Cyrano de Bergerac*. Lovers of Rostand will recall the scene where Cyrano fashions an impromptu *ballade* as he crosses swords with the Vicomte de Valvert. On the last line of the *envoi*, he reaches the epitome of *panache* as he breaks through the Vicomte's guard. Rostand is perhaps rated more highly abroad than at home, but the most rigorous critic will not deny him the gift of metrical agility. There was only one man from whom he could have gleaned that particular quality, and that man was Théodore de Banville.

ARNOLD WHITRIDGE.

NEMI AND THE GOLDEN BOUGH¹

BY SAMUEL C. CHEW

ON one of the first days of spring we went out across the Campagna by the Via Appia Nuova. Before us the Alban Hills were partially shrouded in mist, but as we began the long ascent the clouds were breaking. We passed through Albano and Aricia, over deep gorges to Genzano, where we inquired the way to Nemi, and by muddy back streets came suddenly upon a path which sloped steeply to the lake nestled in the hills. We lingered on the hillside to pick some of the violets and crocuses that were scattered thickly along the vineclad terraces. In half an hour we reached the border of the lake where the breeze sent tiny waves to break among the pebbles. By midday we were beneath the walls and campanile of the town of Nemi, dominating the heights on the side of the lake opposite that from which we had come. The mellow noontide bells of Genzano were answered sweetly by those of Nemi. As we followed the path along the shore, we thought of those so contrasting pilgrims who by night long ago had one after the other, at longer or shorter intervals, skirted stealthily "Diana's Mirror" on a ghastly quest; and of the priest of Diana who, with drawn sword and peering warily, had watched for the coming of the man stronger than he who should slay him as he had slain his predecessor. We thought, too, of another quest, which had begun at the sanctuary of Diana Nemorensis and had led far away in time and space from Nemi.

For at the beginning of *The Golden Bough* Sir James Frazer promises his readers "the interest and charm of a voyage of discovery, in which we shall visit strange foreign lands." "The wind is in the shrouds," he says; "we shake out our sails to it, and leave the coast of Italy behind us for a time." Yet when he first applied himself to the solution of the problems: Why was the

¹I have borrowed a few sentences in this article from my review of the new abridged edition of *The Golden Bough*, published in *The Nation*.—S. C. C.

succession to the office of priest of Diana determined by mortal combat? and Why, before the aspirant to the office might attack the incumbent, must he pluck the golden bough from the tree beside the temple? Frazer had apparently no idea of the tortuous length of the quest before him. For the first edition of his book was in but two volumes, while the third and definitive edition is in twelve. *The Golden Bough* has put down branches into the ground in many directions and has become "a golden banyan tree". The forest is of such density that at times it is difficult to force a way through the tangled undergrowths.

One result of Frazer's many years of patient investigation is an anthology of unique interest. We are, as it were, in a dark-room, where the magic lantern throws curious and melancholy pictures upon the screen. A priest, accompanied by his leman, is seen in the ruined church at midnight, where he mumbles the mass backward. In place of wine he uses ditchwater; and though he makes the sign of the Cross, it is with his left foot and upon the ground. This is the Mass of Saint Sécaire, and the man for whom it is said will surely die. A crowd of Sicilian peasants, during a great drought, pitch their saints into the parched gardens to view the havoc they have wrought by their negligence; the people threaten the image of Sant' Angelo with frenzied cries of "Rain or the Rope!" The scene shifts to Bohemia, and we see the image of Death hustled out of the village and tumbled unceremoniously into the water. A moment later we are at Paphos or Heliopolis or Baalbec, and see the women waiting at the temple of Mylitta or Ishtar or Astarte, to submit to the embraces of the stranger that they may dedicate to the goddess the wages of their sanctified harlotry. And then another ghastlier dedication: in the sanctuary of Cybele, to the sound of clashing cymbals, the priests gash their bodies and bespatter the altar with their blood. Presently we are in India and hear the hunters beg pardon of the elephant before they kill him; or in Madagascar and hear the propitiation of the whale; or somewhere in the heart of Africa and see a black man smearing himself with red paint so that the ghost of his victim will not recognise him. The picture changes; the Wotyaks are beating every corner of their houses that Satan may find no lurking place therein. And then we are afloat on the

turquoise blue waters at the foot of Cape Leucadia, while from the Lover's Leap the scapegoat is hurled headlong with the cry "Be thou our offscouring!" And now we mingle with the crowds of the Roman Saturnalia, where drunken slaves rail at their masters who wait upon them at table. This picture melts into one of mediæval ecclesiasticism, and the Abbot of Unreason censes the altar with burning shoe leather. Shrinking and horrified, we are next witnesses in Mexico of the festival called Toxcatl, and see the priest hold the heart, torn fresh from the breast of the victim, to the sun. And in the light of fire festivals the spectacle comes to an end.

When in Flaubert's *Tentation de Saint Antoine*, the gods of Olympus, evoked by the power of Hilarion, have passed before the saint and have disappeared into the abyss, the Etruscan divinities follow after: Tages and Janus and Summanus and Bellona; and among them there appears a naked woman, four-footed as a beast, and served by a black man who holds in each hand a torch. Hilarion whispers:

C'est la déesse d'Aricia, avec le démon Virbius. Son sacerdoce, le roi du bois, devait être un assassin;—et les esclaves en fuite, les dépouilleurs de cadavres, les brigands de la voie Salaria, les éclopés du pont Sublicius, toute la vermine des galetas de Suburre n'avait pas de dévotion plus chère!

A procession similar to that which troubled the bemused eyes of Saint Anthony streams past us as we read *The Golden Bough*, a huddled rout of figures quaint and curious, grotesque, terrible and pathetic by turns, nightmare phantasies as from the brain of some Brueghel or Jerome Bosch.

The King of the Wood is the fogleman of this parade. Behind him a gibbering crone from the Scotch Highlands carries a knotted handkerchief that contains a favorable wind which she will sell to sailors. And behind her follows a stately figure, in satin and velvet and lace, with pointed beard and melancholy eyes; a crowd of evil-smelling scrofulous wretches jostle one another to get near him; he is Charles the First, touching for the King's Evil. The Bantu twins sing ribald songs and dance immodest dances to bring rain. Then come a lunatic crew who endeavor by obscene antics to further the ascent of the soul towards the Father; they are the Brethren of the Free Spirit. They pass; and the perfume

of the English spring steals over us, and the sound of maidens' laughter, as we see garlanded girls tripping out before the dawn to welcome the coming of the May. The centre of the procession is at hand. It is led by the Roman king, impersonating Jupiter, with eagle-topped sceptre and oaken crown. Beside him is the Mikado, burdened with his innumerable taboos. And then a long train of kings and kings' sons and mock kings, and slaves and criminals who carry the pretense of royalty. Carnivals appear bearing effigies of Shrove Tuesday and Ash Wednesday and Death and Summer and other oddities. And the mourners for Tammuz go wailing by, and the Egyptian rustics lamenting for Osiris. The maiden tribute to Minos passes; and the effeminate priests of Attis, with whitened faces, walk mincingly along. Mithra, a grand and solitary figure, vague and ill-defined but with something of divinity about him, next is seen; and Isis, suckling Horus, gracious and Madonna-like. Mænads and bassarids riot around Dionysos, the many-shaped. By torchlight a stately company moves as though through the rocky defile where the *Via Sacra* leads down to the Eleusinian plain. In grotesque contrast to this momentary vision of Hellas is a man of the Punjaub who hurries by crying "May every ill be far! Obey the serpent and you will thrive!" Base, foolish and degraded scapegoats come; he of Lhasa, shaking the yak's tail over the people that they may transfer their bad luck to him; he of Rome, Mamurius Veturius, beaten with rods. But what is this nauseating apparition that succeeds him? A priest dressed in the bloody skin of the girl who has impersonated the great goddess Chicomecohuatl and who has been flayed alive. We turn away, our last glimpse being of witches speeding on their errands of mischief. The fairies, too, are loose; and a rabble of gnomes and trolls, elves and bogles, pixies, kobolds and jinns, lamiaë and succubæ, vampires, ghouls and afreets, and all manner of wraiths and hobgoblins, brings up the rear.

But amid this picturesque and multi-coloured evocation of the past, there runs a thread of serious and significant argument which can be followed only with some difficulty; for though the author at times arrests his progress to scrutinize the evidence collected and the results achieved, at no place does he offer a

summary of his entire theme. Such an epitome I shall attempt here.

The guardian of Diana's temple at Nemi was at once priest and king. The origin of kingship is discoverable in the principles of magic which are based upon two "laws" that are in reality but perversions of the phenomenon of the association of ideas. These laws are, first, that things which resemble one another are the same (the Law of Similarity) and, second, that things which have once been in contact with each other are always in contact (the Law of Contagion). From the former notion Imitative Magic (like the melting of the wax image of an enemy to destroy his life) is evolved; from the latter, Contagious Magic (like the beating of an enemy's coat to harm the distant enemy) comes. Some magicians sincerely believe in their preposterous claims, but the very nature of their calling offers a reward to the clever mountebank; and the power wielded by the medicine man tends to fall into the hands of the person of keenest and most unscrupulous intelligence. With the emergence of the single resolute mind from the sluggish conservatism of primitive democracy, monarchy in its essentials has begun. The fallacy of magic was not so quickly detected as might be thought, for in most cases the rite performed was to bring about a result which, like rain or sunrise, was bound to happen sooner or later anyway. But in time the realization is borne in upon men that the proud art by which they claim to control nature is but a delusion. Now, the magician has this in common with the modern scientist, that he assumes a sequence of events determined by law. Only, he totally misunderstands the nature of the laws which govern that sequence. And the first step towards an understanding of his error leads him astray. If he cannot control nature, he thinks, it is because beings more powerful than himself control it. In this error lies one of the origins of religion. We have thenceforth the opposition of the two principles: Magic, which, operating by given laws, claims to produce desired effects; and Religion, which seeks to propitiate and conciliate higher powers who, it is believed, can produce those effects if they will. At times there is a confusion between the two, and even today the peasantry of Europe occasionally resort to magical practices when the prayers of their

priests have been unavailing. But fundamentally the two systems are opposed; the arrogance of the magician arouses the jealousy of the humble priest.

The drift of Frazer's argument now sets in toward a more detailed inquiry into the origin of the kingship. The magician claimed to control the great forces of nature, and by virtue of his pretensions he often gained the highest position of authority over his credulous fellows. He became king. But he was punished if he failed in his duties; and with the waning of trust in magic he gradually tended to exchange its practice for the priestly functions of prayer and sacrifice. Not only did he become a priest; the imperfect distinction between the human and the divine combined with other causes to make men imagine that temporarily or permanently some men may be possessed by a powerful spirit and even attain to godhead in this life. The god-men descended from the old order of public magicians or medicine men do not always control all nature. Often they seem to have specialized, so to speak, in some particular side of nature; they are departmental kings. Kings of Rain and Fire have been discovered in Africa; but to bring home the analogy to the priest of Aricia it is necessary to discover other Kings of the Wood. This need opens up the vast theme of the Worship of Trees. (Frazer expressly disclaims any belief in the supreme importance of such worship in the evolution of religion; he holds it altogether secondary to other factors, especially to fear and worship of the human dead.) Beliefs in tree spirits and their beneficent power, and the relics of tree worship in modern Europe, are passed under review. The purpose of the spring and summer festivals was to quicken magically the growth of trees and plants. The attendant license was not accidental excess but was originally an essential part of these rites; for the intercourse of the sexes promoted, it was thought, the fertility of the earth, though one finds the contrary practice of continence as a method of turning the vigour of human beings into a store of energy for the vegetable world.

By a somewhat precarious analogy Frazer now draws together the Whitsuntide Bride and Bridegroom of modern Europe, and the priest of Diana who had, perhaps, the goddess herself for his mate. Diana's male partner Virbius was perhaps embodied in

the King of the Wood. Annually their sacred nuptials were performed at Nemi, or at least so the argument from analogy suggests, for there is no ancient testimony to this portion of the Arician ritual. At this point we encounter one of the tenuous links in the chain that binds these theories and suggestions together. There is weakness as well as strength in the comparative method, and no one is better aware of its dangers, as of its allurements, than is Frazer himself.

Upon the priest-king and god-man depends the course of nature; any smallest act of his may upset the nice equipoise of the world. Care must be taken so to regulate his life that no act of his shall disturb this established order. He is bound around by prohibitions; the burden of royalty is great. The purpose of these restrictions or taboos is to preserve the divine man's life for the good of his people. But what dangers threaten the king?—a question that provokes another: What does early man understand by death? The soul is conceived as a frail and tiny replica of the human body, a facsimile much reduced but complete at all points.¹ Many people believe that the soul may be absent temporarily from the body, in sleep or at other times. The departure is not always voluntary, and the soul may become lost or its return to the body prevented. In the Malay Peninsula the art of abducting souls is carried to a high pitch of perfection. The shadow of a man or his reflection in a mirror or in water is sometimes regarded as his soul, and harm may be done him by trampling on his shadow or by striking his reflection. To such dangers the wandering spirit is exposed. Each individual is concerned to protect his own soul; but the welfare of the whole tribe is bound up with the soul of the king.

The anthropomorphic conception of a divine being implied in its first stages the supposition that gods, like men, must die. Tombs of the gods were shown at various places: Dionysos was

¹ I leave Frazer's argument for a moment to note that on the wall of the smaller cloister of the Certosa di Pavia there is a terra-cotta Annunciation: the Virgin kneels meekly in the right-hand corner; at the upper left the Father is seen blessing her; and from him, on a stream of light, the Holy Spirit, in likeness of a dove, glides down towards Mary. So much of the bas-relief follows the tradition of Christian iconography. But on the tail of the dove rides a tiny baby, the image in little of the Christ-child. He is about to enter his mother. It is a quaintly ingenuous conception.

buried at Delphi; Zeus in Crete; the mummy of Osiris was to be seen at Mendes. If even the high remote gods die at last, so, surely, must a god who abides within the frail shelter of a man's body. Yet the prosperity of a community depends upon its man-god. How avert the calamity of his death? This question opens up the central theme of *The Golden Bough*: the Dying God. The instances are multitudinous of the killing of kings either when their strength begins to fail or at the end of a fixed term of office. In this way the king's soul can be transferred to a vigorous successor before it is impaired by decay. The old custom of regicide is gradually softened down; the king abdicates annually and a temporary king assumes the office. Often he is a criminal already under sentence of death; but always he is treated with reverence and is granted regal privileges. His subsequent death, since he is to die in any case, is less shocking to feelings that have acquired some degree of humaneness. Relics of this periodic regicide still exist in the mummings and carnivals of Europe.

Frazer now applies the evidence as to the natural or accelerated death of various gods of nature to a study of the ancient myths of Adonis, Attis, and Osiris, and abandons the main line of his argument to investigate many interesting but only faintly related problems. And then the ceremonies of the annual renewal of the life of vegetation are studied; the idea common to all such rites is that the life of the god-man passes into his successor in full strength. But another and originally unrelated idea is intertwined with that of this transference of vitality. This is the grandiose idea of the Scapegoat, which the progress of time has, as Frazer says, refined from a foolish notion "into the sublime conception of a God Who dies to take away the sins of the world." At the base of this notion is a confusion between the real possibility of transferring a physical load and the supposed possibility of shifting mental and moral ailments to another person. A finely characteristic passage opens Frazer's discussion of the Scapegoat:

For ages the army of spirits, once so near, has been receding farther and farther from us, banished by the magic wand of science from hearth and home, from ruined cell and ivied tower, from haunted glade and lonely mere, from the riven murky cloud that belches forth the lightning, and from those fairer clouds

that pillow the silvery moon or fret with flakes of burning red the golden eve. The spirits are gone from their last stronghold in the sky, whose blue arch no longer passes, except with children, for the screen that hides from mortal eyes the glory of the celestial world. Only in poets' dreams or impassioned flights of oratory is it given to catch a glimpse of the last flutter of the standards of the retreating host, to hear the beat of their invisible wings, the sound of their mocking laughter, or the swell of angel music dying away in the distance. Far otherwise is it with the savage. To his imagination the world still teems with those motley beings whom a more sober philosophy has discarded. . . . Their constant presence wearies him, their sleepless malignity exasperates him; he longs with an unspeakable longing to be rid of them altogether, and from time to time, driven to bay, his patience utterly exhausted, he turns fiercely on his persecutors, and makes a desperate effort to chase the whole pack of them from the land, to clear the air of their swarming multitudes.

All over the world there have been occasional or periodic expulsions of intangible, inaudible and invisible evils, often driven out with sticks and stones and shouts, or bundled off in some sort of vehicle, as when certain savages launch a demon-laden ship with the cry, "Fly away, devil; never come again!" Or the evil may be embodied in a material form which is sometimes an animal; in Assam a monkey was formerly crucified annually as a public scapegoat. Or the scapegoat may be a human being; and that human being may be a god. The expulsion of evils usually marks the beginning of a new year, and the periodic riddance is often followed or preceded by a period of general license.

Thus far the long inquiry has been directed towards the solution of the question: Why had the priest of Aricia to slay his predecessor? In the final part of Frazer's work the problem of the golden bough is approached through the story of Balder. This in turn leads to an account of the fire-festivals of Europe, which is one of the most beautiful and romantic portions of the book. A parallel between Balder and the priest of Nemi is drawn. The conclusion of the whole matter is that the Arician priest was a departmental king of nature, the representative of the oak-god Virbius, wedded annually to Diana, and put to death when his strength began to fail, that his life might go into his successor. Upon his existence, that of the grove and the surrounding vegetation was believed to depend; and upon the mistletoe his own life depended.

Thus in the end Frazer returns to Nemi, a tentative solution in hand, having sometimes solved and more often indicated many other problems by the way, and having gathered a mass of evidence of the slow, discouraging progress of the human mind and of the ignorance and credulity and cruelty and superstition of which our poor race has been guilty in its long history. Beside the lake he bids it and us farewell; these are his majestic words of parting:

Our long voyage of discovery is over and our bark has dropped her weary sails in port at last. Once more we take the road to Nemi. It is evening, and as we climb the long slope of the Appian Way up to the Alban Hills, we look back and see the sky aflame with sunset, and touching with a crest of fire the dome of St. Peter's. The sight once seen can never be forgotten, but we turn from it and pursue our way darkling along the mountain side, till we come to Nemi and look down on the lake in its deep hollow, now fast disappearing in the evening shadows. The place has changed but little since Diana received the homage of her worshippers in the sacred grove. The temple of the sylvan goddess, indeed, has vanished and the King of the Wood no longer stands sentinel over the Golden Bough. But Nemi's woods are still green, and as the sunset fades above them in the west, there comes to us, borne on the swell of the wind, the sound of the church bells of Aricia ringing the Angelus. *Ave Maria!* Sweet and solemn they chime out from the distant town and die lingeringly away across the wide Campagnan marshes. *Le roi est mort, vive le roi! Ave Maria!*

As one reads these words one hears Hilarion—himself the personification of Science—whispering in the ear of Saint Anthony:

Ils vivent toujours! L'empereur Constantine adore Apollon. Tu retrouveras la Trinité dans les mystères de Samothrace, le baptême chez Isis, la rédemption chez Mithra, le martyre d'un Dieu aux fêtes de Bacchus. Proserpine est la Vierge!

Frazer's wide range of evidence embraces matter of very varying degrees of reliability; some of his theories and conjectures are untenable; some of his conclusions are uncertain or even fantastic. His initial "laws" of magic tend to exaggerate the intellectual element in the savage's life and to obscure the emotional. Some links in his argument are weak. He pushes the comparative method to an extreme. Upon the agricultural aspects of primitive religion he lays an emphasis which his own later writings are serving to modify. Anthropologists of the future must re-sift and rearrange his vast stores of material. The science of anthro-

pology, despite the labours of Mannhardt and Tylor and Robertson Smith, was in its infancy when he began his work; even now a proper methodology is not completely formulated. All this may be granted. But the author of *The Golden Bough* has often emphasized the fact that his conclusions are but tentative and that he has ever been ready to revise or discard them when better explanations present themselves. Meanwhile he has used his theories as "pegs" on which to hang the collections of data that he has brought together from the reports and recollections of the army of explorers who for the sake of religion or conquest or commerce or science have penetrated into the wild places of the earth, or of that other army which in the cause of scholarship has groped inquiringly into the dark background of human history. Even if every one of his theories is at length swept away by the rising tide of knowledge, I find it impossible to believe that in any future state of literary culture thoughtful people will allow this great achievement of learning and imagination and literary art to accumulate dust upon high, unsought shelves.

But we, too, were forced to bid farewell to Nemi. The walk around the lake was quickly over, notwithstanding our delays to pluck the first flowers of the spring. For the flowers return, though the magician who once brought them year by year and who died that they might live again has long since vanished. Fitful showers and more fitful sunshine fell upon us while we pursued our way around the shore; and the long shadows were reaching across the water as we climbed the heights of Genzano and turned away from Nemi's immemorial woods.

SAMUEL C. CHEW.

ANASTASIA FEDEROVNA'S AMERIKANSKI

BY PAUL WRIGHT

WHEN at last Carter threw himself upon his cot in the big khaki tent he found that sleep was out of the question, so he lay still and listened to the sounds that told of the midsummer madness of all this Russian world, of which he now suddenly and unexpectedly discovered himself to be a part.

From the village a few hundred feet to the east came the notes of a balalaika or two and a concertina, and the mingled voices of groups of singers, young men and women, boys and girls. Carter listened to the confusion of melody and analyzed it. He wondered whether Anastasia Federovna had a balalaika. It would be good to walk the dusky paths with her, to its music. He had seen young folks so engaged ever since the warm weather had come. They looked happy and very much like people taking part in a pageant, or walking in their dreams.

He attempted to sleep and gave it up. The high potential personality of the Russian girl was still with him. Never had he known anything like it, nor had he imagined that such intensity of emotion was possible to him. He felt himself touched powerfully by a force outside himself. He was like a bit of iron filing in the field of a magnet. Compared with this Siberian experience his affairs with the girls at home had been mild and flavorless. He counted them over. Mary, Gladys, Beth, Alma—their anæmic ghosts refused to differentiate. He had taken them to dances and to the movies and to picnics, but they had no grip on his soul. All the Mabels and Ednas and Josies he had ever known were nice girls, certainly, but they meant nothing. On the other hand, this Russian, this vigorous and enormously vital daughter of earth's most youthful race, fascinated and astonished him.

Memories of dead cigarettes filled the tent and became oppressive. Carter's cot was opposite the entrance, along the

rear wall. He raised the lower edge of the canvas from off the ground. A little fresh air entered and he heard more distinctly the subdued revelry, which grew less as the groups dispersed, for even Russians must sleep sometimes in summer.

An owl hooted. Carter raised the canvas a few inches higher and looked out. The country was still bathed in moonlight, although the moon itself was now well down the western slope. The black face of the hill opposite was all that he could see. The moon revealed but little of that precipitous front, along which were ledges where the trees and bushes grew tangled and menacing. From one of these thickets the supposed owl had called. The top of the hill was well up beyond his angle of vision.

Every time, whether by day or night, since the beginning of his sojourn in Petrova, that Carter had studied this sullen height, it had set him wondering and now it filled him with oppression. The thing scowled at him. It was too high, too bushy, and quite too close to the line of tents at its foot.

Of course, if the natives were genuinely and permanently well disposed towards the Americans, the exposed position of the camp was a matter of no moment. But were they?

* * *

Some hours later Carter awoke. It was as if he had been drugged. He opened his eyes smiling, and went through the routine of the morning and afternoon like a wooden man, and was conscious only of the fact that he was excruciatingly happy. Five or six times that day his feet carried him past the little log house that was in no way different from all the other little log houses in Petrova, except for the notable fact that it sheltered Anastasia Federovna. Of her there was no sign.

The hours dragged along. Carter borrowed Bratshaw's vest pocket dictionary, with the Russian-English in one half and the English-Russian in the other. It had been compiled for the embarrassment of British tourists and gave complicated phrases for the tramway, for shopping in Petrograd and for sending the soiled linen to the laundry, but was defective as a promoter of philandering in Eastern Siberia. Nevertheless Carter read diligently and made some progress. He might have had assistance from some of the old Russians who came to the camp

selling vegetables; but, though they no doubt remembered the customary terms, his sense of fitness prevented his making the request.

With the rest of the men Carter went to his evening chow. He displayed what he felt was amazing composure, although his food choked him. Somehow he finished eating, drank his too thoroughly boiled coffee, and polished his kit without attracting attention, as he kept well within the speed laws. Then he managed to stroll away unconcernedly, with a cigarette between his lips, and in the course of twenty minutes had fetched a compass that brought him to the house that just then was the hub of his universe.

Raspberry bushes grew beside the house and close to the unpaved pathway that served as a sidewalk. As Carter approached he saw the girl, for the first time that day. In the cool of the evening she had emerged and now was engaged in studying the raspberry prospects. She did not even look up as he drew near, but explored the bushes, looking for vagrant berries.

Carter pulled his wits together and marshaled the Slavic phrases he had been graving on his memory.

"Dabr'utro!" he said as he came to a halt.

Anastasia Federovna ceased from her berry hunting, smiled sweetly and replied, without pretending to be greatly surprised at his presence:

"Dabr'vecher!"

Carter blushed. He had made a mistake. "Boob!" he told himself. "Here I've gone and went and wished her good morning when it's past sunset, and she is too decent to tell me what a slant head I am!"

He tried again: "Dabr'vecher!"

This time the girl not only smiled but nodded, like a teacher whose prize pupil has retrieved an error. As her red lips parted Carter noted her splendid white teeth. Her eyes were wide and there was enough light left from the departing day to disclose the purely Slavic violet in them. Her deep chest was disturbed by some emotion. The girl was only seventeen and until yesterday had never met an American.

He returned to the task in hand. "Hot-eatchy gulyat?" he

asked. Would she take a walk? His command of Russian now surprised him and, what was more amazing, the girl understood. The absurd syllables that to him sounded like nothing whatever evidently conveyed a message. She smiled and nodded again.

"Da," she said. "Spasebo! Sank you!"

Then they both laughed.

From the pocket of his blouse the American extracted a bar of chocolate with almonds in it. This he gave to the girl and she thanked him radiantly, with a gurgle of merriment. Then, as a good Russian and a bit of a Communist, she wished to reciprocate. For a moment she was puzzled. Then she began searching the raspberry bushes. Her most intent and careful examination disclosed exactly five berries that were ripening moderately before the blandishments of summer. These she plucked and offered him. He ate the berries and watched while she broke the chocolate bar in her powerful fingers.

"Hot-eatchy gulyat?" he repeated his question and waved his arm in an all-embracing sweep towards the evening landscape. Once more she nodded. So they went walking.

They watched the long Siberian twilight turn gloriously into night, when the radiant moon came riding up over the hills where the Suchan Mountains begin. And when from the hill-tops that luminary launched itself for its voyage, they noted that the great blue dome to be traversed was deeper and more translucent and more alluring than ever a night sky before.

The laziest of breezes came strolling in from the ocean, and brought little fog banks that twisted themselves into pleasantly mysterious wraiths and at length spread over the low ground in pools of silver that gleamed lovely and enticing.

All their senses were stimulated and rendered acutely perceptive. They caught the intimation of new mown hay that was carried in from the lush meadows, where the little river had built its estuary. Their eager nostrils were assailed by the perfume of the honey locusts in full bloom and the occasional evening primroses that grew wild by the roadside.

Repeatedly, as on the evening before, they heard the tinkling harmony of the balalaika and the wailing notes of the con-

certina in the hands of a lusty peasant; and the laughter and singing and the curiously cuddled voices of lovers, suggestive of the waking of birds in the early morning.

This pastoral had most cruel limits.

Here was a little green island of happiness in the rapids of hardship, terror and revolution.

Violence and woe were always and everywhere near at hand. The woods came down close to the village and to the plowed lands, and these woods were the lurking place of appalling creatures.

The Siberian tiger of these forests is bigger and fiercer than any ever bred in India. The wild boar, the wolf and the bear are its fellows. Chinese bandits, the hunghutzus of Manchuria, are ever to be expected. They prey upon the peace-loving Koreans, and their deeds of cruelty had made Carter's flesh creep when he heard the tales. There was even then a sick man in the village whose body bore the marks of the hunghutzus' torturing hot irons. And as if these were not enough, there were also the Russians who had been outlawed by the civil disturbances and—as Carter was beginning to understand—lashed into frenzy by the deliberate spreading among them of a propaganda of hatred, aimed at the destruction of society.

Such was the somber background. Yet everywhere that night were music and laughter and softened voices. The strong tide of Russian nature was at its crest, and young men and women made love with astonishing frankness and simplicity.

Carter, from Chicago and naturally cool blooded, recognized these things with a curious shock. All the ardor of the long days and the caressing tenderness of the Siberian night were capturing his soul and body.

In the beginning they had between them not more than ten words suitable for the exchange of thought, but both the American boy and the Russian girl learned several that evening.

One of these was "ruka", for hand. It was while she was teaching him the meaning of this term that he had found the calluses on Anastasia Federovna's palms, which she had acquired in the collieries at Suchan.

At Suchan, twenty-five miles away, she had sorted coal, and it

had made her hands hard and her arms strong. Carter was destined to be grateful for the powerful arms of her.

Their supreme happiness endured for the period of the full moon.

Every evening he found her ready, as it would never have occurred to her to keep a man waiting merely because he was a man and she a girl. He brought her more chocolate, a ribbon, a hand mirror, a five pound can of American candy. And she always had a gift for him, a rose or a wild flower from the edge of the woods.

The *gulyats* that followed made high spots of happiness in their young lives. It developed that Anastasia Federovna did possess a balalaika and could make charming though simple music. Carter contributed what he remembered of the *Missouri Waltz* and the song about the Long Trail. She played and they sang as they walked or sat, except when they were talking and learning each other's mother tongue. They made amazing progress in languages, although the terms they learned were of no economic or commercial value whatever.

* * *

For days the camp had been assailed by rumors of approaching trouble. Carter heard them all the time, at meals, between meals, and the last word at night was of what was about to happen. Carter did not worry, because he had something better to do. But he hated the yammering. The plain fact was that the Omsk Government of Admiral Kolchak was falling and the "partisans" in Far Eastern Siberia were about to cripple the transcontinental railway and the Omsk Government by disabling the coal mines at Suchan and the coal-carrying railway out of Suchan, part of which was guarded by the little garrison at Petrova.

Logically, of course, this meant danger for the American troops, but the World War had ended and nobody used much logic. Therefore some seventy-five simple minded Americans at Petrova dutifully regarded the "partisans" as "exasperated peasants" who were fighting for a democratic ideal, and gave them much sympathy and some cigarettes. The Americans extended their best wishes to the under dogs.

Altogether the decree against the Americans at Petrova was a great blunder. It did not yield the Reds so much as a Browning gun, which they greatly desired.

* * *

As the full moon that marked the term of their delight grew thin, Anastasia Federovna betrayed increasing anxiety. It is possible that she actually knew nothing of what was in the air, but merely surmised and deduced from the whispers she overheard.

Carter saw distress and foreboding in her eyes, and he heard predictions of calamity in the camp. The Reds were rising everywhere. The natives acted strangely. Where previously they had been open, frank and kindly they became furtive. Neighborly visits to the camp ceased. In the village and along the road the Americans encountered averted glances and sometimes looks of hate. Sometimes stones.

One night Carter went to Anastasia Federovna's house as usual. She came to the door looking frightened and worried.

"Yah n'magou," she was saying to him from the threshold. Then somebody put a heavy hand on the girl's shoulder and drew her back into the room and closed the door.

So Carter went back to camp, thinking fruitlessly. He went to bed and was falling asleep when he heard the owl hoot again on the dark hill.

"That's a doggone funny owl," he said. "The wise old bird has forgotten his own language."

* * *

There was no warning.

At 10:30 o'clock that night Carter had fallen asleep with the yawning voices of his tentmates in his ears.

At the first intimation of dawn the American alarm clock, suspended by a string near the top of the tent, was struck by a bullet. As Carter jerked awake the bits of glass were still falling and tinkling as they struck wood or metal on landing.

In the fraction of a second that he lay on his back, while the *zing* of the disembowled alarm clock was still in his ears, Carter saw the canvas roof above him punctured in four places and saw the queer purple light of the new day peeping through the holes. The bullets came through the roof and buried themselves in the

floor. They had been fired downward at an angle of something like forty-five degrees.

"The hill!" he groaned. "That damned hill!"

Carter's tentmates were leaping from their beds. They reached and scrambled for clothes and accouterment.

In the cot next to him Johnson was swinging himself clear. He was clad only in his army underwear. His feet were naked. He reached down for his shoes and when he saw Carter he remembered their recent arguments regarding peasant possibilities.

"They got us, buddy," Johnson was saying. "These here exasperated peasants is more exasperated than—"

Johnson rolled to the floor. It is a matter of history that fourteen out of seventy-four men and two officers were killed in their beds that morning.

A bomb tossed from the hilltop above at that moment landed beside the tent. A storm of slugs cut the canvas to tatters. More men were struck.

Carter got into some of his clothes and found his rifle and cartridges. It was quite impersonal, as if somebody else was moving his arms and legs. By this time the canvas roof looked like a colander. Carter glanced at Johnson and was shaken with horror. He dived for the exit, where the canvas swayed foolishly in the breeze that had come up with the dawn, and he landed outside on his hands and knees.

"Nightmare for sure!" Carter told himself as he looked about him.

Reversing the usual process, when Carter had opened his eyes that morning with the first rifle shot he had awakened into a bad dream, and for as long as consciousness remained with him he found it impossible to shake off entirely the spell of unreality that goes along with dreams.

The whole thing was irrational. The Russians were mad with their wild enthusiasms and their untamed hatreds and their uncontrolled loves. The Americans were crazy that they did not realize what these strange Russians were capable of doing. Lunacy, delirium, dementia, were epidemic. They all had it. Both sides were engaged in a game of life and death that was incredible and absurd.

One illusion followed another, in a series of extraordinary moving pictures, to the music of rifle shots and curses.

In place of reveille and the morning ceremony of breakfast they were engaged in a shooting match with an invisible enemy on an unclimbable hill. They were trying to shoot fireflies with service rifles. It could not be done. When the Russian rifles spoke there was a brief spurt of flame and this was all that the Americans could shoot at. Then the daylight grew and obliterated the fireflies on the hill, for the flashes of burning powder were lost, leaving only the precipitous height and thin puffs of smoke.

They rallied behind the camp cook's pile of stove wood, and there clumsy men were binding up one another's hurts. As is common enough in dreams, some of them had escaped only in their underwear, though with their guns and bandoliers.

Presently the Americans were flanked and their wood pile afforded no further protection. It was then that Carter first became aware of a tall, raw-boned lieutenant with an amazing vocabulary. This was Cutler. He packed an outfit of ob-jurgations that would have awed a string of army mules. His fulminations energized wherever they hit. The men found his voice consoling, and Carter noted gratefully that there was no dream stuff about him.

Under Cutler's direction the men gathered themselves and their wounded together and retreated, back across the open space to three Russian houses that stood by themselves. This was their last line of defense, as behind it lay a bare stretch of kitchen gardens and meadows. The woods were too far.

The morning wore on. Everything was highly improbable.

After they had been fighting some hours and were near extinction a trainload of sleepy American soldiers approached from the west. It ran into the storm of bullets and then backed up and disappeared. Carter refused to believe his eyes again. The truth was that the Russian engineer, having had no warning, thought the Bolsheviki were after him alone and so ran. The sleepy Americans inside knew no more than the driver. Nowhere else than in Russia could the thing have happened.

Altogether it was a madhouse occasion, and Carter laughed to himself when along toward ten o'clock in the morning he dis-

covered that he was acutely worried over the welfare of Anastasia Federovna. He himself, he argued, had his very excellent shrapnel helmet and a pretty thick cedar post in front of him. He had an outdoor job—being part of the guard posted to prevent the Russians from rushing them—and, he told himself, outdoor work was more healthy than the other kind. He lay flat and the Russians could not see him very well, and the bullets had missed him regularly. Anyway, they would be rescued soon, because runners had been sent for help. One of them, a Chicago boy, had spurted blood at every step.

But Anastasia Federovna—well, when Carter told the chap behind the next post that he was worried about the girl, the other man told him he was nutty and asked for a chew of tobacco.

Carter searched his pockets for tobacco and found it, and discovered also some chocolate he had purchased for Anastasia Federovna. He ate part and gave the rest away. It served them as breakfast.

Very soon thereafter Carter discovered that his own and the others' cartridges were running short. He wriggled his way back to the central house of the row of three, where were the two lieutenants and a handful of men.

"Plenty there," said Lieut. Cutler, pointing a hairy hand towards the abandoned camp across the track. Cutler spoke thickly because he had received a bullet in the mouth a few minutes before, losing most of his teeth and much of his face. The hemorrhage in his throat troubled him, too.

Less than three hundred feet away there were cartridges in abundance. In the khaki tent where the two commissioned officers had slept were enough for a regiment.

The duty of leading the forlorn hope was assumed by Lieut. Flieger. Carter was one of the other four.

They left the house by the single door, which was farthest from and not visible to the Russians on the hill. Carter heard Lieut. Cutler instructing those who remained behind. "Give them Russians hell!" he roared, his red mouth dripping. "Our men have got to come home with the cartridges!"

Of course, several of that party of five would not return, but somebody had to. Otherwise the garrison was doomed.

One leaf of the big gate in the high board fence was pulled back. Over Flieger's shoulder Carter saw the danger zone, a little Siberian stretch of No Man's Land, as wide as a city block. Directly in front was the road, dry and dusty, and beyond it lay the railway, the steel glistening dully in the bright sunlight. This space was raked by bullets from every direction.

"Let's go!" said Flieger, and set off running.

The "partisans" saw the little Balaklava charge coming towards them and fired wildly. Carter heard the American guns behind him roar their answer, the ordinary service rifles barking to the chatter of the automatic Brownings.

Carter proceeded with long, elastic strides. He was a fast runner, a trained athlete. He even slowed his gait a trifle, lest he outrun the others.

They passed the woodpile, going strong. Four of their five were left when they reached the tent and entered. Bullets pursued them even there, coming through the canvas walls like the blind fingers of a blind enemy.

The precious stuff lay piled in the center of the tent. Each box held 1,000 cartridges and made a burden for a strong man. Having seized their loads they headed back. They ran more slowly now and occasionally they stumbled.

The ambushed partisans beheld victory almost within their grasp, yet slipping out of reach. If they could cut down these four unprotected men, then the American guns, representing "capitalism", would be silenced forever. So they shot with great enthusiasm.

Bullets sang past Carter's ears and kicked up dust. The youth on his left crashed to the ground. Carter wondered why the houses in front of him kept moving farther away, as if seen through the wrong end of a field glass. Then he fell sprawling.

* * *

Nobody knew how the girl found her way there. She appeared unannounced, from nowhere, inside the middle Russian house a few seconds after Carter and the others had gone. Probably she had been creeping up in the ditch from the lowlands along the creek bottom. She had been running, but her face was

white and drawn with woe. Her eyes were open wide and the pupils dilated. She said not a word.

"Who is she?" one man asked another.

"I think she is Carter's girl," was the answer.

"And there goes Carter! Good Lord!"

Paying no attention whatever to the gaping, shattered window through which her countrymen's bullets were entering, Anastasia Federovna made her way about the room, looking earnestly and almost myopically into the face of each fighting American. Then she inspected the wounded on the floor. She was trembling now and more woebegone at each fresh disappointment. In one corner, under the ikon, was a trap door above the small cellar, whence came groans. Some of the wounded were there. The girl went down the ladder and returned with tears in her eyes.

"Gdyeh Meester Carter?" she asked wildly.

Somebody pointed. Out through the window Anastasia Federovna looked, and stood as if hypnotized, motionless, hardly breathing. She beheld it all, as the five advanced. She saw one fall, the four survivors enter the tent, watched the return with the cartridges. She moaned when the second man was hit. When Carter tumbled she turned, with a tremulous indrawing of the breath, and fled. She disappeared through the open door.

Carter had a brief but pleasant return to consciousness a few seconds later. He looked up long enough to see the violet eyes of Anastasia Federovna looking down into his and felt himself lifted bodily from the dust and carried away.

* * *

In the American base hospital at Vladivostok it was suggested to Carter that he would doubtless hate to go back to the States and leave Anastasia Federovna behind.

"Leave her behind?" he answered. "Nyet! Nekogda! Not on your life! We've been married by the chaplain and we are going to be married by the Russian priest. And pretty soon we are going to Chicago to live happy ever after!"

And that is exactly what they did.

PAUL WRIGHT.

THEOCRITUS IN SYRACUSE

BY MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD

CRITICS tell us that pastoral poetry has passed into eternal shadow. Yet even if this is true, the pastoral is still—

—annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

The long line of writers—Theocritus, Virgil, Boccaccio, Sannazaro, Poliziano, Tasso, Mantuan, Spenser, Sidney, Drayton, Jonson, Milton, and Keats—have played upon an oaten pipe that never will be silent. There is no mortality in the true pastoral, for in it the soul of man has become one with nature. The trouble is that too many people have studied the pastoral for literary rather than for poetic pleasure and have, somehow, turned Arcadia into Academe. There is something ironically suggestive in the fact that the Fountain of Arethusa in Syracuse is now surrounded by a growth of papyrus, symbolic of the way in which the merely bookish has encircled the natural.

If there are no new pastoral poems, the old ones live on, giving us again the beauty of the golden world where narcissus and violet blossom, where time delays, and where youth and love endure with supreme joyousness. Theocritus remains the first and the last in pastoral song. His idylls, even in the medium of translations, persuade the reader's imagination to enter and to dwell in that world of imperishable freshness. Always, tribute has been paid to his appeal, his hauntingly perfect reality; but until one lives in Syracuse one does not know how true to life he was, nor with what fine perceptiveness he chose the moments to perpetuate. Though more than two thousand years have passed by, the reader of Theocritus finds in Syracuse, either visible or invisible, the very actuality which the poet interpreted.

Is there another city in *Magna Græcia* where, in such small compass, is contained so much history, or where the exalted,

urbane, and intellectual traditions of Greek culture were more cherished? Philosophers, poets, scientists, generals, emperors, artists, scholars, and herdsmen, have walked in Syracuse, giving it perennial significance. The precession of the equinoxes has hardly been more regular than the procession of the armies which have attempted to overcome Syracuse and extinguish its identity as a Corinthian colony. Carthaginians, Sicilians, Athenians, Romans, Arabs, Normans, Germans, Spanish, and, lately, English-speaking tourists, have come down upon Syracuse; yet the city has survived and lies silent, shimmering beside the blue sea, superior to decay, timeless, unconquered.

A city of quietly appealing beauty, it has a reach and compass still suggestive of the metropolis which possessed a circumference of twenty-one miles and a population of almost four hundred thousand. Ortygia, the crowded island section, projects like a wedge into the Ionian Sea; back from the island rises gently the mainland in sections of distinctive character. At the left are the greenest of meadows threaded by the River Anapus and its tributary, the Cyane, leading to the blue waters of the pool formed by the tears the nymph Cyane shed when Pluto, at this spot, carried Persephone down to his underground kingdom. Possibly Theocritus had this region in memory when he wrote *Idyll XIII*. That tells how the boy Hylas was snatched away, underground, by the Nymphs and numbered among the Blessed. The description offers a pleasant parallel: "Soon Hylas found a spring in a low-lying spot; around it grew many rushes, dark leaved celandine, soft green maiden-hair, blossoming parsley, and wild grass spreading through the marshes. In the midst of the water the Nymphs were fashioning their dance with song; the unresting Nymphs, goddesses feared by the country folk: Eunice, Malis, and Nycheia with Spring-discovering eyes." The Cyane is bordered with the donax reed, papyrus plant, and, now and then, yellow iris. The lowlands near have a wonderful fertility and greenness. Flowers are everywhere; little saffron marigolds and yellow oxalis speak of the Age of Gold; all sorts of vetches, white honey-flower, and wild geranium with its scarlet petals, are riotous. Near pleasant-looking farmsteads, cattle, sheep, and goats browse under the olive trees or near a carob. Peace,

serenity, tranquil days, seem to dwell in these prosperous fields, where the shepherd and his dog stroll idly.

At the right of Ortygia rises gently the rocky plateau which included the four other sections of the ancient city. Nearest are Neapolis and Achradina, where the aristocrats lived; farther on, Tyche, close to the sea and, beyond, high-lying Epipolæ. Underneath the plateau stretch *latomie*, or quarries, and subterranean caves in which were fashioned ancient sepulchres. To the traveler exploring the deserted regions, Neapolis and Achradina, Syracuse seems at first to be a city of tombs, so numerous are the hewn necropoles and catacombs where unnumbered dead were once buried. One feels the fact of centuries of death, yet the brilliant sunshine, the clear blue of the sea, the lustrous green of the rich meadows, and the keen piercing salt air, change that feeling of death and extinction into a passionate sense of life, turning a mood of sadness over transitory being into an understanding of the permanence of all that has had beauty. It is true that countless men and women have died in Syracuse, but evermore, here, walk Æschylus, Plato, Pindar, and Theocritus. The mystery of death retreats before the mystery of lasting life. A city once dedicated to Diana, goddess of the moon, it is now, by appropriate succession, dedicated to Santa Lucia, lady of light. The ritual of religion may change, but its essential significances remain, no matter how the generations of man seek for a new idea. The columns of the Greek temple of Athena now support a Roman Catholic cathedral, built into and around the pagan place of worship. By what rites the pagan spirits were thought to have been exorcised one does not know; certainly even now they keep their tryst most faithfully with the humanists of every race and age, possessing unalterable dominion over the scene of their ancient greatness. Above the ruins of the Temple of Diana the stars have not changed their courses, nor become dimmed, but shine in all the clear brilliancy of the southern heavens, awaiting the moon's return.

The shrine of the greatness of Syracuse is perhaps the Greek theatre hewn out of the rocky soil of Neapolis, and open, through more than twenty-two centuries, to sunshine and to wind which have weathered the old grey stone seats. In the solitude of a

still-remembered past, flowers are pushing their way up along the edges of the stone, and wild thyme makes all things fragrant. It was in this spot that Æschylus saw his plays performed before critical splendour-loving audiences—Æschylus, rebelling at the fact that man is bound to suffer in seeking freedom, that his life must become an anguish of thwarted though ever unquenched aspiration.

There Pindar read some of his odes, rejoicing in the powers of man, delighting in man's activity, his triumphs, his fame, and endeavouring to quicken in the audience the sense of human power; for Pindar's life was a stately pageant where honour and dignities abounded, and man could achieve lasting renown. Among the audiences of the fourth century B. C. sat Plato, the restless, searching, scrutinizing mind, ever considering the soul, love, immortality, kinship with the divine; the thinker, acutely conscious of the transitory, centring his thought upon the idea of the eternal.

A hundred years after Plato, Theocritus was there among the Syracusans who had inherited the great memories, and who in that life-giving air must have continued in some degree the old discussions about the inexorable laws of fate, the beauty of the present world, and the problems of human happiness. What did he conclude regarding the great drama of mortal existence? What impressed his imagination and directed his genius to the writing of his Idylls? For he too was a philosopher about life, writing not from idleness, nor indifference to problems, but from an artist's acquaintance with his birthplace where he had probably spent his boyhood before he went to Cos to study, and where he lived, it is supposed, about eight years before he departed to Egypt.

He turned aside from abstract speculation and from inquiry into tragic revolutions of fate, to observe the daily lives of those who are happily close to the primitive realities of labour which makes for them a constraining bond with earth. Himself sophisticated, student, poet, attendant at courts, familiar with the polished ways of life, he took unceasing pleasure in discovering what life was like by the wayside or in the pastures. There he saw the herdsmen, fifteen or sixteen years old, slender boys, lithe

and graceful from spare diet and from the constant exercise of thwarting the self-will of Cymætha, the heifer, or the predatory antics of the "blunt faced kids." Straight, slim, clear-eyed, with features extraordinarily delicate, these youths looked out upon the world, with the dignity and the charm of those whose days are passed in companionship with the beauty of nature, guardianship of the dependent herds, and the lyric emotions of rustic love. With interest tender, humourous, poetic, Theocritus made the acquaintance of Daphnis and Thyrsis as they lingered in the shade of these gnarled old olive trees close by the ocean, trees with boughs twisted, contorted, yet kept perennially green by the winds of countless years. There in the lustrous meadows along the irregular shore white sheep, with thick soft wool, fleet away the time carelessly, browsing only as a part of self expression, not as a means to live, while their masters contend in song. And on pleasant days he must have sought the rocky slopes of Achradina, where sheep and goats and cattle are still pastured.

Mounting a little higher, he would have come to the uplands from which he could, on clear days, have seen the pyramid of Mother Ætna elevated majestically above the sea. From a faintly-defined base its five thousand feet of snowy summit rise, remote, pale, spectral, almost a mirage against the blue of the southern sky, incomparable in the beauty of silence, distance, and isolation. The mountain looks neither massive nor blunt nor scarred; no suggestion gives any sense of substance or of the fiery elements within. Only majesty, strength, and quiet are associated with the slender outlines where disproportion has become refined away and where all the contours have become so shaped and delicately expressive of perfection of form as to enthrall and guide a poet's art.

Or, higher still he would go sometimes, wandering in the bright morning sunshine, and would see a herdsman sitting on the rocks playing upon his reed pipe, today still fashioned as it was when Theocritus was there. In the indescribable stillness of those fields on the height of the plateau, the rustic flutes are heard yet; firm, clear, liquid, in music whose cadence makes all things young.

The notes are not gay and tripping, but piercingly sweet and soft, touched with the slightest melancholy turn. What impresses

one is the subtlety, the tenuous, impalpable beauty of them. It is a non-physical, an elemental sound, perfect in its floating unlocalized being. Though one often fails to see the performer, one hears the music drifting across the fields at sunset, as one roams in the golden light through the uplands. There, pale pink blossoms make every almond tree a cloud of soft color and fragrance, contrasting with the tapering symmetry of green cypresses at a distance. In all those music-haunted spaces are the spring flowers that grow in such indescribable myriads in Sicilian soil: wonderful purple anemones, as large as the palm of Persephone's hand; the omnipresent dwarf marigold; white honey-flower, the sweet alyssum; pink campion; tiny English daisies that have taken full possession; purple vetch; wild mignonette; pink heather; short blue iris; and tall, pale asphodel. There is no telling the tale of the grass woven with color. And lifting one's eyes one sees to the west the low, flat-topped blue hills of Hybla, stored with the honey, of sweetest tradition, made by the subjects of the only queens who live in Syracuse.

As any one wanders through these fields and stone-walled pastures, the visible, audible world presses close to the senses, yet seems removed by two thousand years. The Greek has gone, antiquity is spent, the keen, strong life of Syracuse has vanished. But in these precincts of an immemorial inheritance there still lingers, on the warm, scented, pungent air, one wish—that granted to Theocritus: "Of song may all my dwelling be full, for sleep is not more sweet, nor sudden Spring, nor flowers are more delicious to the bees, so dear to me are the Muses."

MARTHA HALE SHACKFORD.

THE MAGIC CASEMENT

BY LAWRENCE GILMAN

WHY is it that when, in the second act of Wagner's *Tristan*, Isolde listens for the sound of King Mark's evanescent hunting horns, and the orchestra responds to her listening with a hushed and mysterious murmuring of the strings, the music sweeps into our consciousness a sudden and vivid sense of all the glamour and magic of a summer night—a summer night in a garden? The musical means that Wagner uses here are of the utmost simplicity and transparency: a few violins, violas, and 'cellos play, pianissimo, a tremolo "*am stège*," (near the bridge), and then, through this vague and mysterious mist of tone, a solo clarinet traces an ascending melody of subdued and chromatic tenderness. Yet, for all its simplicity, the passage is miraculous in its communicative potency: we are keeping tryst in the garden with Isolde; we hear with her the stirring of the wind in the tall trees; we are ravished by all the witchery, the sensuous magic, the anonymous enchantment, of this "mad, naked, summer night".

Why is it that when, in the incomparable nocturne which forms the second movement of Debussy's *Iberia*, the oboe sings its slow and brooding song above an accompaniment of muted 'cellos and violas, there rises in our minds still another, and quite different, picture of the night?—of a sultry Castilian night, more languid, more heavily perfumed, than the night that seduced Isolde and Tristan in King Mark's garden?

Why is it that when Mélisande, standing with Pelléas beside the ancient "fountain of the blind", looks into its strange and still waters and exclaims, "*Oh! l'eau est claire*," Debussy, by the simplest possible use of two horns, a harp, and a chord held by the strings, is able to call up for us a vision of those mysterious, silent, and liquid depths?

Why is it that Loeffler, in his setting of Verlaine's poem, *Le Son du Cor s'afflige vers les Bois*, can, by the use of a simple adagio

passage in thirds and fifths for the piano, blending with an obbligate melody for a muted viola, suggest to our imagination the landscape that Verlaine's words denote: the desolate winter sunset, the gentle, monotonous falling of the snow—all the intangible, melancholy implications of the scene?

Why is it that MacDowell, using only the monochromatic palette of the piano's keyboard, can, by a passage of soft and sonorous chords in slow-paced rhythm, call up for us a memory of the sea in its mood of terrible and majestic calm? Or, with harmonies and rhythms of a different character, can suggest the glittering and frozen splendour of an iceberg? Or, by yet another employment of chords and rhythms and melodic design, can paint for the imagination a vision of water lilies reflected in tranquil pools?

How are these things done? By what expressional device is the composer enabled to perform these miracles of suggestion and delineation? To attempt an answer to these questions would take one altogether too far into the jungle of musical æsthetics. Indeed, the æstheticians are still wrangling over the question, asking whether it ought to be done—indeed, whether it has been or can be done at all. That is, they deny that music, unaided, has the power to paint pictures, to summon visions, to suggest appearances.

They issue challenges, these exigent philosophers of a gentle art. They say to the innocent music-lover—who cares not a rap for the misgivings and qualifications of the æstheticians—they say: “Try MacDowell's *Wandering Iceberg* on someone who does not know the title of it, and see if he will get the same impression of it that you do, who know the title and the intention of the composer.” Well, he may or he may not. What he *will* get is a pretty clear sense that the music is expressing something vaguely sinister, smoothly-moving, mysterious; and he will, perhaps, if he is unusually sensitive, receive an impression of something bright and cold. In other words, he will probably get a sense of certain qualities that pertain to the subject-matter of the music. He will receive a correct *general* impression, though not necessarily a particular and sharply defined expression. But let him try an experiment in transference: let him

change the title of the *Wandering Iceberg* piece, and call it *To a Wild Rose*; and let him call the *Water Lily* piece, *From a Wandering Iceberg*. Let him think of Debussy's *Iberia* nocturne as a picture of a winter landscape, and of the garden music in *Tristan* as the delineation of a barren seascape. The incongruity will at once be apparent. The suggestion in each case comes not from the title, or the accompanying words, or the accompanying scenery and acting: it comes from the music itself. All that the title, the literary or dramatic auxiliary, does, is to give sharpness and clarity of definition to the expression. It is perfectly true, as the older æstheticians have told us, that music cannot paint or speak with the explicitness of words. You can say in music, with overwhelming force and poignancy: "I am sad"; but, as Mr. Krehbiel (I think) once observed, you cannot say: "I am sad *because I have lost my umbrella*." As a celebrated Bostonian admitted grudgingly after listening to a revivalist under the impression that he was hearing Mark Twain: "Yes, he was funny, but not *damn* funny." So, in the matter of programme music (as the æstheticians call it): you can be definite, but not *damn* definite.

It is, after all, a matter of experience and observation, rather than a matter of philosophical speculation. Does any sensitive hearer doubt that music can paint pictures after hearing the wonderful prelude to *Das Rheingold*? Could the *Siegfried* "Waldweben" be anything but wood music? Let us, as Mr. Ernest Newman once wisely said, accept gladly all that music can give us: all its incomparably rich appeals to the heart and the senses and the imagination—its power of grotesque and amusing suggestion as well as its power to utter the sublime. Let us delight in and be moved by the *Siegfried* "Waldweben" and the sunrise music in *Also Sprach Zarathustra*; but let us also laugh unashamed with Strauss when he mimics the bleating of the sheep in his *Don Quixote* and at the Chinese March in Stravinsky's *Nightingale*.

As for the dependence of delineative music upon a programme or a title—well, why grudge a composer of symphonic or piano music the use of that prop, when we permit Wagner, composer of theatre music, to enforce his orchestral flames by the use of colored and hissing steam? We are often told that opera is an "impure" art form. By the same token, so is the song. The epithet

is no doubt a depressing one, and it brings something of terrified awe to academic souls. But if an "impure" art form can yield us such perfect and delectable treasures of genius as *Die Meistersinger* and *Pelléas et Mélisande*, the unregenerate, observing the fact, may well be pardoned for regarding the dreadful aspersion with modified horror.

So with programme music, symphonic or piano. Shall there be no more Straussian cakes and ale because the academicians, the æsthetically orthodox, raise protesting hands in the presence of *Don Quixote* and *Ein Heldenleben*? Let us admit with all possible cheerfulness, if we must, that it is a heinous thing for music to attempt to paint pictures, recite poems, recount histories, enact dramas, with external aids—words or scenery, action or title or "programme"; yet nevertheless there are many abandoned souls who, while they bow respectful heads in the presence of a Bach prelude or a Beethoven quartette, will yet, in their guilty heart of hearts, thank heaven for such legacies of wickedness as the orchestral tone-painting of Strauss and Loeffler, d'Indy and Rimsky-Korsakoff and Bloch; the poetic piano music of Debussy and MacDowell; the dramatized symphonic poems of Richard Wagner.

I set out in these casual jottings to note down some reflections upon that interesting phase of modern music which has to do with its treatment of Nature as an expressional theme; and the great name with which I began these observations is still prominent in my meditations. The most superficial student of musical history will observe that some of the earliest composers concerned themselves with painting landscapes in tone—there are few things in music that are older than tonal Nature-painting. Yet the only landscape music or sea music which really lives for us, which speaks to us with an eloquent and communicative voice, is that which belongs to our own and to the preceding generation.

We cannot hope to go back of Wagner, or even to his contemporaries, and find Nature-music that will be free of naïveté, crudeness, and shallowness. It is not possible to take very seriously the Nature-painting of Bach, of Haydn, of Beethoven; and how faded and thin seem the tonal landscapes and seascapes

of Berlioz and Mendelssohn and Schumann! It is different with the music of Wagner. As a humanist, as a dramatist, as a consummate master of the secrets of the heart, as visionary and seer, his supremacy is still incontestable. As a painter and rhapsodist of the natural world he is equally commanding—still mastering us, enchanting us; still fresh and vivid and unstaled. The Nature-music of poor Raff, who died only a few months before Wagner, is today barren of all power to liberate our imaginations. Yet the evocations of forest and hilltop, of winds and waters, of dawn and sunset, cloud and tempest, in the *Ring* and elsewhere among Wagner's scores, have lost nothing of their pristine magic. Their splendour and daring of conception, their graphic power, their magnificent eloquence, are undiminished. In every aspect of Wagner's art as a musician, he is still, today, secure in his heaven.

But with Wagner, Nature-painting was accessory—a background, a commentary upon those tragi-comedies of the human heart and those tremendous epics of destiny and the gods which most profoundly engaged his creative activities. It is not until we come to the music of our own time that we find Nature deliberately and lovingly studied for its own sake, and rendered with consummate eloquence. To that memorable question of Whitman's there is an easy answer. "You can cultivate roses and orchards," said he, "but who shall cultivate the mountain peaks, the ocean, and the tumbling gorgeousness of the clouds?" Let us reply: The modern masters of musical landscape. It has been said of our generation that "we have forgotten rapture." These men have refuted the charge. It is as if such rhapsodists and dreamers as Claude Debussy and Edward MacDowell and Vincent d'Indy and Charles Martin Loeffler had pondered the words of Jefferies: "Let us leave this beating and turning over of empty straw; let us return to the stream and the hills; let us ponder by night in view of the stars." One might direct the attention of the interested student of modern music to this absorbing aspect of the art of these gifted, these unique, tone-poets. It is a phase of their endeavors that will liberally and delightfully repay the closest scrutiny. In the differences, as in the similarities, of their approach to the natural world, there is illumination, fas-

cination. Widely and unreconcilably as they differ, there is a tie that binds together the sensuous intimations of Debussy's *Afternoon of a Faun* and the austere and reverent poetry of d'Indy's *Summer Day on the Mountain*; that relates the fantastic, introspective, sombrely passionate music of Loeffler's *The Pool* to the frank and enamoring tenderness of MacDowell's *Starlight*. Perhaps the inquisitive music-lover would not go far wrong if he discovered this common tie in the exertion by these men, and others of their clan, of that "natural magic" which has been so glibly discussed and so little comprehended: for it is actually, as William Butler Yeats has happily said, "but the ancient worship of Nature, and that troubled ecstasy before her . . . which is brought into men's minds."

LAWRENCE GILMAN.

AFFAIRS OF THE WORLD

BY WILLIS FLETCHER JOHNSON

THREE facts are outstanding in the German situation as it appears at this moment of writing. One is, that no peculiar and inviolable sanctity invests the integrity of the Reich, any more than any other State. If the Separatist movement should permanently succeed there would be no more occasion to throw dust into the air and appeal to Allah over it than there was over the separation of the Baltic Provinces from Russia, or of Ireland from Great Britain. The second is, that dissolution of the Reich would be merely reversion to what had been the immemorial status of Germany down to our own time—to the status which prevailed in the ages of Germany's real greatness. We must remember that the Reich did not exist until 1871, and that it was then created for the purpose of military dominance. Concerning specifically the two most disaffected portions, it is to be observed that Bavaria was made a kingdom by France, and that down to 1867 it was almost always friendly and frequently actually allied with France, and hostile to Prussia; and that the Rhineland received from France its inspiration and instruction in liberal government, and was subjected to Prussian rule forcibly against the will of its people by the same arbitrary and reactionary despots that organized the Holy Alliance. The third fact is, that whatever happens in the case, the United States has no business to interfere. Granted that civil war in Germany would be a serious matter for the whole world, and that a complete *débâcle* of the Reich would be little short of catastrophic. Precisely the same might just as truly have been said by European countries sixty years ago concerning our Civil War and the *débâcle* of this Republic which was confidently anticipated. Those who remember the abhorrence and passionate resentment with which any suggestion of European intervention or mediation was then regarded here are more inclined to observe the Golden Rule than to go meddling with the right of self-determination on the Rhine.

Another reflection upon the plight of Germany is inevitable. More than a century ago, before the numerous States were united into the Reich, and when they were economically and otherwise in an immeasurably worse plight than today, the German people spontaneously united in spirit and purpose and achieved one of the finest triumphs of self-restoration in history. Now, after more than fifty years' political union in the Reich, at a time when continued union is highly needful, they are widely discordant and move for disunion and dissolution. That astounding reversal of national spirit may perhaps be in part attributed to the wholesale expatriation of the best leaders of the German people following the conflicts of 1848. Still more does it seem to me due to the sordid, materializing, deadening influence of the "blood and iron" policy which Bismarck and the Hohenzollerns imposed upon the land. The military and commercial greatness of Germany was exalted; the soul of Germany was all but destroyed.

The imperativeness of our abstention from meddling in the internal affairs of the German Reich is matched by the propriety—indeed, I might say the desirability—of our tendering our good offices for advisory aid in the rehabilitation of European finances and economics. It might have been possible to make out a perfectly good case for our doing the latter as a matter of right, in view of the extent to which our own interests are concerned. But it is obviously far better, both for our own sake and for that of the European Powers, to do it according to the plan of Secretary Hughes, which is at once prudent and generous, under which we shall have the fullest opportunity for service without incurring any detrimental entanglements. Such neighborly participation in the affairs of the world has never been regarded with disfavour by even the most resolute adherents of the Monroe Doctrine.

The action of a number of church denominations in appointing a World Court Week,—just as they long ago appointed a Week of Prayer,—following their espousal of Prohibition, is calculated to cause some disquietude on the part of those religious conservatives who still adhere to Cavour's principle of "a free Church in a free State", and to those who remember that the Reformation

was largely a protest against the dominance of ecclesiasticism in civil government. There is ground for serious objection to the use of the civil law and government for the compulsion of the people to comply with purely religious dogmas and forms. Far more serious is the objection to the church's interference with civil government so as to seek or compel the adoption of political measures which have no religious basis. Thus it would be preposterous for anyone to contend that Prohibition was a legitimate doctrine of Christianity, or had anything whatever to do with the Christian church, unless indeed to be offensive to it. So the World Court may or may not be a good thing, but it certainly is something which has no more place in Christian doctrine than has the tariff law or the multiplication table. The ominous feature of the business is that the Golden Rule, in which the churches profess to believe, and the law of compensations, which will inevitably be operative whether they believe in it or not, may some day most unpleasantly plague the churches which thus meddle with the State. For if the churches thus interfere in political matters and seek to dominate the civil government, the State may some time interfere in ecclesiastical matters and seek to dominate the churches. That would be deplorable, but no more so than it is for a church to transform itself into a political machine over an issue which is not a matter of religion nor even of morals.

Without undue cynicism it may be assumed that a certain proportion of the many thousands of competitors for Mr. Bok's Peace Plan Prize are moved chiefly, if not entirely, by the hope of winning the very substantial sum offered, and that probably in a majority of cases the pecuniary consideration exerts some perceptible influence. Indeed, we must assume that Mr. Bok expected such to be the case; otherwise he would not have offered the prize. On the other hand, I should feel an inspiring confidence that many, including practically all the really thoughtful, intelligent and judicious competitors, have had uppermost in mind a sincere and unselfish desire to contribute what they could to the solution of one of the world's greatest problems. In fact, I am inclined to think that if no prize whatever had been offered,

but if an authoritative request had been made for the studying, formulation and submission of such plans, while perhaps only a small percentage of the number now presented would have been forthcoming, that percentage would have included the best of all. Any one of those thus gratuitously offered would have been superior to any one of those which would not have been offered but for the cash prize. So far as securing the best possible suggestions for peace is concerned, therefore, just as good results could have been secured without offering a cent. That is, however, by no means to decry Mr. Bok's generous and patriotic offer as 'useless. On the contrary, it must be reckoned as well worth the making even if it does not elicit a single plan of value which could not have been got without it. Its great benefit to the nation is that it has set tens of thousands of people to thinking, reading, talking, studying and writing about national and international affairs who never would have done so without such a stimulus.

There was most profitable food for thought for any *laudator temporis acti* in the recent world congress of humane societies, in commemoration of the centenary of their origin. Nobody now living can recall from personal observation the conditions which existed before the formation of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals. But there are many who can vividly remember the horrors which prevailed in this country at the time when—forty years later—Henry Bergh undertook to emulate in New York the work of Lord Harrowby in London; and there are many more who can still more vividly recall the infamies which childhood suffered a score of years later, when Henry Bergh somewhat mordantly suggested that children were as much entitled to the protection of the law as were cats and dogs. The mission of the humane societies which have been formed in these last hundred years, and which now extend into every civilized land, is by no means yet completed, and will not be until "far on in summers that we shall not see". But their practical achievements thus far, direct and indirect, form—if I may coin the paradoxical phrase—an immeasurable measure of human progress, well calculated to inspire every well wisher of the race to persist in all possible efforts for the world's betterment.

The disclosure of the long-forgotten Contarini map of the world is a scientific event of an importance and interest which can scarcely be exaggerated. It is presumably the first map ever engraved and printed which purported to show the discoveries of Columbus, and as it was made only a few months after his death, we may accept it as a cartographical record of the sum total of his theories and reports concerning his exploits. The most striking feature of it is that while it shows the vast continent of South America, it indicates nothing of Central America, Mexico or North America, but puts in their place the open Atlantic Ocean stretching unbroken to the shore of Asia; though at the extreme north the Asian continent is extended eastward so as to include Greenland, Labrador and Newfoundland. That, of course, was Columbus's conception of the plan of the world. A legend on the map designates the Province of Ciamba, in Southern China, as the land reached by Columbus—on his last voyage, when in fact he was on the coast of Nicaragua and Costa Rica but supposed himself to have reached the country of the Great Khan, and where the natives' tales of "a narrow place between two seas" a little further south caused him to believe that he was nearing the Golden Chersonesus. Although Contarini belonged to Florence and Venice, and not to Genoa, he was obviously interested in Columbus more than in any other adventurer, for he gives his explorations the greatest possible prominence on the map, to the exclusion of all others save to call South America by the name which Cabral gave it, *Terra Sanctæ Crucis*, and to denote Corte Real's discoveries as having been made by Portuguese voyagers. Of the discoveries of Ojeda and Bastidas, and above all of Vespuccius, there is not the least hint. Emphatically it is a Columbian map; presenting thus a striking contrast to that of Ilacomilus of only a year later, which was just as emphatically a Vespuccian or American map, since it ignored Columbus's theories and reports and exploited those of Vespuccius. The map of Ilacomilus—which was newly brought to light only a score of years ago—is, of course, by far the more correct of the two, but it is rivaled by that of Contarini in value as an authentic record of the geographical theories and beliefs of some of the greatest of the early explorers and cartographers.

Coincidentally with this fortunate finding of an ancient map comes a promise that the present map of North America may presently be completed by the addition to it of facts concerning what is now the largest unexplored area remaining on the face of the globe. That is the region lying north of Alaska and of Eastern Siberia, beyond Wrangell Island, which some of the shrewdest Arctic explorers and scientific observers regard as probably occupied either by a large island or by a group of islands, of a climatic temperature fairly moderate for the Arctic Zone. The material results of these daring adventures are not likely to be important. But it would be gratifying to be able to eliminate from the map of the world the chief of the very few "unexplored" legends.

Mr. David Lloyd George was a welcome visitor to this country, and has, we may confidently trust, no cause nor inclination to complain of any lack of courtesy, of hospitality or even of enthusiasm in his reception here. Nor was there anything in all his political speechmaking which we are disposed to regret his saying. Yet there was in the whole episode, as also in the preceding and similar tour of Lord Robert Cecil, an interesting illustration of the difference between America and Europe, particularly in the estimation of Europeans. Nobody thinks it amiss for a British or other European statesman practically to stump the United States making speeches about the political relationships between this country and others; but nobody can conceive such a thing as an American statesman doing the same thing in a European country. Imagine, for example, Senator Hiram Johnson, on his recent European visit, stumping Great Britain or France against the League of Nations and presenting reasons why those countries ought to withdraw from it. No; the thing is unimaginable! Yet why, if a precisely corresponding thing is accepted here as a commonplace matter of course?

Andrew Bonar Law was an almost unique example of a man who incurred and yet splendidly surmounted the proverbial peril of having all men speak well of him. If not quite all always did so, the exceptions were contemptibly negligible. The universal

esteem in which he was held was the more noteworthy because of the positive, aggressive and at times pugnacious quality of the man. He was a hard hitter, and he had a biting tongue. But in his sharpest attacks upon political antagonists there was never a thought of malice, while in everything that he said or did there were a transparent honesty and an unselfish devotion to the public welfare that were above the reach of even the meanest cynicism or suspicion. And those are, after all, the noblest and the most enduringly triumphant qualities that any statesman can possess.

The installation of a new President in China is hopefully regarded by many observers as auspicious of a more cordial union between the northern and southern parts of that vast empire; hopes which may be well founded. We shall do well to abate our notions of the people of the North and those of the South as being radically different in race and irreconcilably antagonistic to each other. They differ no more than, let us say, the people of Northern and of Southern Italy; or the French of Normandy and of Gascony; or the Spaniards of Andalusia and of Catalonia. The popular feeling between them is cordial enough to permit their being firmly welded into a united nation. The real trouble has lain with self-seeking politicians at Peking and Canton, and elsewhere in the two sections of the empire. But it seems probable that they are now beginning to feel that their feuds have been maintained long enough and too long, and are inclined to let them lapse and to seek, through national union, a status which will win for China complete emancipation from alien control.

NEW BOOKS REVIEWED

MANKIND AT THE CROSSROADS. By Edward M. East. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

The problem of giving "proper direction to human evolution" seems so daunting (since the ideas by which we are to direct evolution must also be "evolved") that popular distrust of eugenic theorizing is probably due in the last analysis quite as much to fear of meddling with a "law of nature" as to factional or sentimental objections. For a people to regulate its birth rate seems at first sight as presumptuous and as futile as for an individual to attempt to direct the processes of digestion by conscious thought. In regard to many social as well as physiological processes, it is convenient and habitual to think that we must leave everything to Nature—our conscious minds not being equal to the task of minute control. Since, however, we are thinking creatures, we cannot escape the conclusion that we must evolve consciously. To obey our minds is, after all, just as "natural" as to obey our instincts. Put the matter in this way, and the difficulty (which is largely verbal) vanishes.

Nature, it is true, accomplishes her ends, willy-nilly, in ways of her own. Population for example, cannot well exceed a certain maximum, and however terrifying may appear the geometrical proportion of an unrestricted birth rate, the whole world is not in any event going to starve, nor will the human race become extinct. When a certain point is reached, the pressure of population upon subsistence is sure to reduce the birth rate, while wars and pestilences can usually be trusted to reduce a population sufficiently to provide for the survival of the majority. This familiar criticism of the theory of Malthus does not, however, exactly hit the mark. The methods of nature-minus-mind are frequently somewhat crude, and there is no reason why we should view them with exaggerated respect. Furthermore, it is quite illogical for us to meddle with the workings of instinctive "Nature" by constantly lowering the *death rate* (through medical methods and through control of war and crime) while we refuse to interfere with the birth rate. We cannot have it both ways; and the only logical course for the adherents of "Nature" is to become altogether primitive.

Birth-restriction, admits Professor East, is by no means a panacea for social ills, nor, in his opinion, is any complicated and selective system of eugenics either feasible or desirable. Indeed, it is quite reasonable to suppose that human wisdom has not reached a point at which it can pronounce with absolute assurance upon the most desirable traits to be perpetuated. The Spartans, it will be recalled, were somewhat too insistent upon certain preferred physical and mental endowments as the criteria of fitness to survive, and it is

probable that a like bias would operate even in our more advanced stage of social development. Just as the disposition of the schoolboy to reject about two-thirds of what he is taught is probably a protective instinct, so the obstinacy of mankind in the mass toward various kinds of social teaching is no doubt our salvation. One trembles to think what would have been the result had the ancient world been sufficiently teachable to accept as a practical programme Plato's ideal Republic. Similarly one cannot but fear that if society today undertook to determine who should be born, full many a genius necessary to the future progress of the world under unforeseen conditions might never see the light.

No, birth restriction is not a panacea nor is eugenics a conjurer's wand. Even an unrestricted birth rate should not be looked upon with unintelligent fear as a bugbear. The situation is bad enough, but not so bad "as all that": it never is. "Today," writes Professor East, "the finest families are hardly replacing themselves. The incompetent are taking their place. And this will continue, should there be no eugenic reform, until that point of equilibrium is reached where no more do-littles can be accommodated. There can be no real decay; the generally good heredity of the masses precludes; but there can be a very marked deterioration."

This, then, is the situation as common sense, backed by biology and statistical research, sees it. No problem is more closely related to the welfare of the individual, the welfare of the family, and the welfare of the world and all the nations in it, than that of overpopulation. Until it is proximately solved, no other means of progress can have more than a temporary effect. Medical efficiency saves both the fit and the unfit, and its general result is to increase the pressure of population upon subsistence. Such also is the result of all humanitarian effort. These forms of social work are admirable and necessary; but nothing in this world is admirable and necessary in itself and without relation to other factors. More and more we are coming to see that our understanding of every problem must be more or less Einsteinian, if it is to be adequate. However much science may increase the productivity of the earth and lighten the toil necessary for subsistence, it is certain that population will grow with opportunity: it will fill up the margin, take up all the "slack". And the only remedy is education—not, says Professor East, "more college and university training for those who can neither assimilate nor utilize it, but an education in the few little fundamentals that mean so much for racial progress."

Would the remedy be worse than the disease? Would the spread of "eugenic knowledge" result in a dearth of progeny among the better families—in the terrible *oliganthropia* noted as a cause of decay among the ancients? Professor East does not hesitate to deny this possibility. There is a *parental instinct*, he tells us, a natural desire on the part of all normal men and women to have children, which would prevent any such calamitous result. This, however, appears to be the most questionable part of his thesis. When psychologists

hesitate to pronounce upon what tendencies are and what are not truly instinctive, and when they inform us that certain of these more or less instinctive dispositions are neither permanent nor especially potent, the layman may be excused for having his doubts.

Be this as it may, Professor East has written an eminently sane and competent discussion of a problem the fundamental importance of which is notoriously ignored or evaded. Reckoning in all factors, he avoids at once the "wild-eyed" views of the extremists and the complacency of the incurable optimists. On the one hand, he assures us that there can be no rational fear of a "yellow peril", since the high death rate among the colored races as a whole more than offsets their high birth rate: the white race is increasing faster than any other, and the population of China, for example, is now nearly stationary. On the other hand, he shows by a careful analysis of agricultural resources that our food supply for the future is definitely limited. One form of chauvinism he quiets by showing that population is not necessarily a means to imperial power—a nation with a relatively high birth rate but with relatively low economic power could not successfully struggle with a nation in which population and material resources were properly balanced. Making large use of the "method of residues", he appears to be entirely successful in showing that no other means than a restriction of population will make the world safe for our children's children. In the comprehensiveness and thoroughness of his study of available statistics, Professor East is second to no other writer on this subject, while his intelligent use of ideas derived from the several fields of economics, biology, psychology, and sociology gives great strength to his conclusions.

REVOLUTIONARY NEW ENGLAND. By James Truslow Adams. Boston: The Atlantic Monthly Press.

"The average man bases his opinions upon a modicum of reasoning and a large mass of assumptions, which latter he derives from his environment and which he as little thinks of calling in question as the laws of nature." This striking sentence of Mr. Adams's may be taken as showing the extent to which modern psychology, to say nothing of economics, has modified the rationalizing tendency that used to hold sway in history. A process like the separation between England and her American colonies is, indeed, not a rational process at all in the sense that its reasons were consciously grasped and understood in their totality by anyone during the whole progress of the event. The whole complex affair involved much more than local issues or any well-defined thesis in regard to "rights" or taxation. "The real question," writes Mr. Adams, "lay much deeper than constitutional quibblings. It was the fundamental one of the moral validity of imperialism, of whether a group of men in one part of the world has the right to rule others in another part against their will, however wisely and well. Like the question of the right of a majority, it admits of no easy and universal answer." Mr. Adams is not exactly one of

the so-called "economic determinists", but he sees that where problems are imperfectly understood and decided on grounds of immediate expediency or through compromise of interests, there chance enters and irrational causation holds sway.

Such a view calls for the utmost thoroughness and the most absolute impartiality in the telling of history. Lacking a predetermined thesis of right and wrong in the conduct of nations, the historian by the slightest mistakes of emphasis may convey impressions that may be judged by readers to imply a want of patriotism and fairness.

On the whole, the circumstances of the case call for rather more stress upon the shortcomings of the New England colonists than is altogether pleasant to their descendants. The constant shifting of ground in the colonial case against England affords an amusing study in the illusions incident to the rationalizing process, but is not very flattering to national complacency. On the whole, it is perfectly clear that "all the influences of the American environment had combined to develop a certain outlook upon life and a certain attitude toward England without much conscious reasoning. Suddenly these were questioned and the colonists at once set about finding reasons to justify them in continuing as they had." It is also clear that Franklin, for one, was guilty of gross exaggeration, if he was not actually insincere, when he maintained that in the Seven Years' War the colonists had fought almost exclusively for the benefit of the mother country.

As one of the principal elements in that "opposition woven of many strands" which at length brought about the Revolution, the spirit of the frontier calls for and receives especial consideration. It is a characteristic frame of mind as strongly marked in the early history of Australia, for example, as in the colonial period of America—a state of mind neither to be condemned nor unduly eulogized, embracing some fine human dispositions and at the same time integrated with much ignorance and self-appreciation. In our attitude toward it sentiment has generally played an undue and an inconsistent part. "It is rather odd," acutely remarks Mr. Adams, "that we should find the lawlessness of our frontier in our later period of the 'Far West' natural, picturesque, and amusing, but consider it unpatriotic to suggest that any New Englanders of this earlier frontier period who found themselves in opposition to authority were anything but sober church-going citizens defending their liberties." But if we are somewhat shocked to discover in the action of the Susquehanna Land Companies that the relation between politics and big business was not unknown to our ancestors, or, in the conduct of the Boston town meetings that the alliance between the saloon and municipal politics is not new, or, in the action of those able merchants who controlled the supply of spermaceti candles, that combinations in restraint of trade are not results of modern degeneracy from ancestral standards of honesty—we have no right to be shocked. Such discoveries simply prove an essential unity in history and in human nature, while they teach us to value the more highly true

instances of disinterested behaviour as distinct from legend and prejudice. In his emphasis upon such matters Mr. Adams has been eminently fair and judicious, and every intelligent reader will find relief in ridding himself of any excess of racial or national self-esteem—an excess which is both uncomfortable to oneself and hurtful to the rest of the world since it means unfairness to others. It is so much better to feel that one is human than to feel that one belongs to a chosen people! The greatness of the human race is surely big enough to “go round” and to afford a sufficient ground for pride to the individual beyond the self-respect which he derives from his own achievements.

It is now understood that the American Revolution was a civil war—a struggle which involved not only a divergence of interests and of point of view between England and its frontier, the American colonies, but also a similar divergence between the colonial conservatives and the radicals of the American frontier, and between classes in the mother country itself. At the time of the Revolution probably one third of the colonists were loyal to England, one third were in revolt, and one third were indifferent. Ceaseless propaganda on the part of the radicals and numerous blunders upon the part of the rulers of the home country brought on the war. But for the latter, the inevitable separation might have been postponed for many years and might have been peaceful.

Such was the general nature of the struggle—a struggle on both sides strikingly illustrating the general fallibility and the frequent baseness of human nature when it attempts to deal with a situation not clearly grasped and hence subject to the influence of every variety of motive. That the great underlying issue was never fully grasped, could not have been grasped by any man of lower intellectual stature than an Abraham Lincoln, and is not fully understood even now, is perhaps the big point of the whole discourse. No other historian who has dealt with the period has seen it with greater steadiness and wholeness than has Mr. Adams, and perhaps none has represented the exact spirit and feeling of the people with quite so intimate and just an appreciation as he.

CHILDREN OF THE WAY. By Anne C. E. Allinson. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company.

It is with a considerable degree of shrinking that a reader of moderately cultivated taste nowadays opens a book of stories professing to represent the life of ancient Greece or Rome. A good “classical” novel or short story is one of the most unobtainable things in life. The older writers who entered the field were bookish and rhetorical. Even an approach to the Byzantine empire had a distressing effect upon Walter Scott, and the same cause upset the mental balance of Ibsen. The author of *Quo Vadis?*, with all his imagination and fervor, was essentially a barbarian writing about Roman civilization, which he instinctively disliked. Walter Pater, psychologist, philosopher, and imaginative artist as he was, understood paganism but not Christianity, and

his *Marius* is a questionable work. The modern school is generally so anxious to avoid the stiffness of antiquarianism that it destroys the illusion of the past.

The reader, however, who opens *Children of the Way* by Anne C. E. Allinson will experience a very pleasant surprise. The author, he will discover, is both a ripe classical scholar and a true story-teller.

Children of the Way is a series of interconnected stories dealing with the period when Christianity was spreading from man to man as a true gospel, a great announcement of good news, a leaven destined to leaven the whole lump of humanity. Not yet in this period has a church organization having a separate life and power been perfected, nor have elaborate theologies been built up: all is informal. Paul is still alive and is ministering in Rome. Thus through the medium of a sympathetic imagination we can see what Christianity really was in its beginning to those who first accepted it as it came to them through friends and casual acquaintances, or mayhap through the humble suggestions of slaves or clients.

With singular skill the author describes the Roman life of the time with just enough of a modern touch to keep her readers fully conscious of the solidarity of the human race and the essential likeness of men of all races in all times, but with a scholarly regard for all real differences of custom and of mental attitude. The temptation, incident to her theme, of indulging to excess in the mere *sentiment* of goodness and of exaggerating the wickedness of the pagan world she has successfully resisted. Never for a moment does she look at the ancient world and the early Christian Church through the distorting lens that may be interposed by our knowledge of what the Church *became* or of what befell the Roman Empire. She sees it all, one believes, very much as it was. And what gives life to her stories, apart from their natural human interest as tales, is the genuine religious feeling that pervades them. This is a rare quality; for without venturing any opinions as to the prevalence and sincerity of religious *belief*, one may remark that a true *appreciation* of religion as a personal experience or as a social energy, especially when an attempt is made to recreate the past, is a faculty very seldom displayed in fiction. It is not too much to say that these stories, so far from being preachments, are, unobtrusively, works of edification.

THE ART OF THOMAS HARDY. By Lionel Johnson. New York: Dodd, Mead and Company.

It is unnecessary at this late date to do more than call attention to the extraordinary gifts of Lionel Johnson as a critic and to restate the general verdict, that his book about Thomas Hardy is not only the best writing about that great author that can be discovered by the general reader, but also one of the best criticisms of a contemporary author that has ever been produced.

To one reader, at least, the high spots of Johnson's criticism are, first, the venturesome comparison of Hardy and Shakespeare as portrayers of essentially

the same rural types, and the critic's comments upon Hardy's philosophy as an artistic element in his stories.

As to the latter, it is much the habit of our present critics to divorce as far as possible a work of art from its implied meaning and thus to resent any criticism of a novelist's or poet's philosophy. Lionel Johnson, however, discriminating and sensitive as he is in all matters pertaining to art and to literary effects, approached much more nearly to the point of view of the man in the street than do the more exclusively literary and psychological of our modern writers about books. One cannot help remarking that he seems to have suffered no loss in critical acuteness because of this traditional humanism of his, and that he did apparently gain by it in serenity and in common sense. Hardy's novels, said Johnson, "are not written for a purpose, to prove the truth of something; but with the prejudice that it is a proven truth. . . . Mr. Hardy is not content to frame his indictment by the stern narrative of sad facts: he inserts fragments of that reasoning which has brought him to his dark conclusions. They are too many, too bitter, too passionate, to be but an overflow, as it were, from his narration: they are too sparse, too ironical, too declamatory, to be quite intelligible. After enjoying their grimness, I want definitions of *nature, law, society, and justice.*"

In short, Lionel Johnson did criticize Hardy, both as an artist and as a thinker, from the standpoint of philosophy. He was troubled, just as many of Hardy's readers to-day are troubled, by that writer's incurable pessimism.

The difference between this sort of humanism and the more advanced view generally prevalent to-day may be noted in the contrast between these views of Johnson and some of those expressed by Mr. J. E. Barton in his additional chapters on Hardy's poetry. Johnson felt the numbing effect of Hardy's special pleading against God and the universe, but professed to be able to enjoy the Wessex novels in the highest degree, in spite of a certain dissatisfaction with the underlying philosophy and with some of its artistic consequences. Mr. Barton, on the contrary, says: "Stupid readers may enjoy a tale, in their way, without noting its moral or philosophic import." But this, he continues, is impossible in the case of poetry. The tendency is, therefore, either to read into poetry one's own optimism or orthodoxy, thus in a manner Bowdlerizing it, or else to reject the work of such a poet as Hardy as immoral, dangerous, or, at least, inexcusably disturbing. But he thinks that all this emphasis upon Hardy's pessimism is "tedious" and irrelevant. Though Hardy is "pessimistic" and Browning "optimistic", one's enjoyment of the poetry of either man must be utterly independent of his philosophy.

This, however, is a counsel of literary and critical perfection, a divorce of form from matter which is merely the "stunt" of the accomplished dilettante. If one had to decide the point in question, one would say, therefore, that Lionel Johnson was a truer critic than his successor. The leaven of Hardy's thought has, in fact, caused a ferment and a beneficial change, in our social thinking, but that he has outlined a philosophy by which men can ever live

or an attitude toward life that they can conceivably accept as permanent, is not clear. To say that one's enjoyment of Hardy's poetry should not be at all influenced by this consideration is merely nonsense, though to say that this should not be the chief or the only consideration is perfectly true. Mr. Barton, however, is an accomplished critic, and he has been as fortunate in his selection of passages for quotation as he is vigorous and illuminating in his commentary.

Here, then, is criticism of a great contemporary author by two writers both of whom felt the very spirit of Hardy's writing to their finger-tips, and both of whom have proved their ability to speak to the heart and mind of the cultivated reader with simplicity and directness.

PLAYWRIGHTS ON PLAYWRITING. By Brander Matthews. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

If in reading Professor Matthews's entertaining pages about the drama and the theatre one is tempted sometimes to exclaim, "Who knoweth not such things as these?" a sense of justice immediately reminds one that if one knows certain facts about these subjects exceedingly well, one's knowledge and the familiarity of it are very largely due to the unremitting labors of Professor Matthews in a field that he has made so far as America is concerned virtually his own. How much of our genuine and unpedantic delight in Shakespeare we owe to his literary touch, it would be difficult to say.

Successful as he has been in convincing others of the belief he holds concerning the inevitable relation of the playwright to the theatre and to his audiences, Professor Matthews can still have fun with those "undramatic critics" who, like amateur strategists, will probably never cease to exist. In the present volume he points out with relish a particularly fatuous supposition by means of which two accomplished scholars have solved a difficult problem in one of the plays of Aeschylus. "If we accept this solution," writes Professor Matthews, "we are compelled to believe that Aeschylus wrote a play, instantly accepted as a masterpiece, which had to wait more than two thousand years for a British scholar to explain away an impossibility." The whole passage is delightful, as is Professor Matthews's good-natured bout with Professor Phelps, which turns, indeed, upon no very vital principle but rather upon the degree of emphasis deserved by certain obvious truths.

Next to matters of profound philosophical significance or of large practical importance, no subject is, perhaps, better worth writing about than the drama. Of all general subjects, it is nearest to life in the quality of its interest and in the variety of its aspects. Professor Matthews has fully realized and availed of this interest, and he has established in the public mind truth that is much for our instruction and our comfort. What though the thought has been at times a little dilute and the succession of volumes not quite free from repetition? As a controversialist the author had to make his point conclu-

sively, and we should be grateful to him for addressing himself always to us, the public, and for recalling our notoriously vagrant attention to the essential points. The unflinching tact, the ability to be at once clear-cut and discursive, entertaining and instructive, which have always marked Professor Matthews's writings, are conspicuous in this series of essays, which deal luxuriously with reminiscences of the earlier stage and with every sort of question that may be profitably raised about the modern theatre and the work of the playwrights.

EUROPE SINCE 1918. By Herbert Adams Gibbons. New York: The Century Co.

With the passage of the time since the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, books about the peace and its consequences have a chance to become successively more inclusive and more impartial. The general lines of the after-war political situation are now clearly visible. Time and the logic of events have revealed underlying motives and have destroyed false hopes. A vast amount of fact has become available for the construction of a detailed picture. Of the opportunity thus presented, Mr. Gibbons has availed himself admirably. Among contemporary publicists he is one of the most obviously impartial, and he is habitually well-informed. His book takes into account everything of importance that has previously been written upon the subject of which he treats.

The burden of the book is monotonously simple. "Since the Treaty of Versailles, from the Baltic to the Bosphorus, all decisions, all changes, have been made by and in favour of the people possessing arms and using them." This statement is repeated in a dozen different forms in as many different connections. No principle has been operative in European politics except the principle of the balance of power in its most vicious form. If the Treaty of Versailles had really been based upon the ideas enunciated by President Wilson there might have been hope of a real world peace; and the treaty, even though unjust, would have been practicable if the Great Powers had really been united. What is true of the Treaty of Versailles is even more true of the treaties of St.-Germain and Trianon. The first of these, Mr. Gibbons admits, "had it only been practicable, was a punishment fitting the crime." The last two are, however, "indefensible from every point of view."

Besides its analysis of the peace treaties and their applications, the book contains a great deal of interesting information about the conditions, policies, and comparative viability of the several succession States. The treatise, however, is of chief interest as presenting a great lesson concerning the workings of the balance-of-power method in after-war Europe. It would be a mistake to call such a book idealistic or unidealistic. It is simply a true and comprehensive picture which, though it may suggest no new programme, does make it possible to draw sound inferences likely to be helpful in preventing future mistakes.